

The Life and Deeds of
Donald Earl Lougee
(20 April 1930 – 23 September 2007)

Our
Husband, Father, Grandfather
And Friend



Written by the Lougee Family and friends
Compiled by Wayne and Marilyn Lougee
October, 2007

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Funeral Service

Chapter One

**Funeral Service
For
Donald Earl Lougee**

Held
Friday, September 28, 2007
At 11:00 a.m.
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Prineville, Oregon

*And we talk of Christ,
We rejoice in Christ,
We preach of Christ,
We prophesy of Christ,
And we write according to our prophecies,
That our children may know to, what source
They may look for a remission of their sins.*
2 Nephi 25:26

Donald Earl Lougee

Participating:

Conducting: Robert Story, First Councilor, Prineville 1st Ward
Bishopric
Presiding: David R. Perdue, Stake President - Redmond,
Oregon Stake
Organist: Jan Lougee (Daughter-in-Law)
Music Director: Cheri Ann (Lougee) Richardson (Daughter)

Casket Bearers:

Kenneth Lougee (Son)
Wayne Lougee (Son)
David Lougee (Son)
Scott Shipman (Son-in-Law)
Loren Jones (Son-in-Law)
Dennis Richardson (Son-in-Law)

Honorary Casket Bearers:

Douglas Lougee (Son – Absent, Serving in the military in Iraq)
Donald Jones (Grandson)
Andrew Jones (Grandson)
Timothy Lougee (Grandson)
James Lougee (Grandson)
Kyle Richardson (Grandson)
Eric Lougee (Grandson – Absent, Serving an L.D.S. mission in Arizona)
Alan Lougee (Grandson)
Gary Lougee (Grandson)
Scott Lougee (Grandson)
Joseph Richardson (Grandson)
Michael Shipman (Grandson)
John Lougee (Grandson – Absent, Not able to attend)
Seth Lougee (Grandson – Absent, Not able to attend)

Interment: Juniper Haven Cemetery – Prineville, Oregon

Military Honors: Crook County High School N.J.R.O.T.C.

Funeral Service

Program

Family Prayer	Kenneth Lougee
Opening Hymn Heart”	“Oh What Songs of the
Invocation	Loren Jones
Eulogy	Bonnie Jones
Musical Number	“I Am a Child of God”
Memories David Lougee	Douglas Lougee, read by
Musical Number	“Ye Elders of Israel”
Memories	Betty Rae Shipman
Musical Number	“My Home”
Speaker	Wayne Lougee
Speaker	President David R. Perdue
Closing Hymn Lives”	“I Know that My Redeemer
Benediction	Dennis Richardson
Dedication of Grave	David Lougee
List of Attendance	

Donald Earl Lougee

Family Prayer (Son)

by Kenneth Lougee



“Our Father in Heaven: We are gathered here to celebrate the life of this good man. We ask for comfort for his family. We asked that they be blessed to see the truths for which he led his life. We ask a blessing on our Mother that she will be comforted. We ask a blessing upon his grandchildren that they may remember his goodness and faith that they might live in harmony with his life.

We ask that thy spirit rest upon this meeting and the speakers that they might feel the spirit of this meeting and of this man. We ask that the hearts of the people might be touched and that faith grow among all those who gather here today. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Memories of the Family Prayer by Kenneth Lougee:

The following instructions were given to the members of the family. I spoke to the young cousins (Grandchildren of Don and Marilyn Lougee). I told them that some of them had cried the night before when they saw Grandpa's body for the last time. It was alright to cry but this was a time to be happy too. Grandpa was always wise. He had a hard life in some respects. People had been mean to him. He never let other people change who he was. He always chose to be happy. We are sad that we don't have Grandpa to talk to us. But if (they) ever wanted to know what Grandpa would have expected them to do there was always Uncle Douglas, Uncle David, Uncle Wayne and Uncle Ken who knew what Grandpa was like and could help them.

I told the adults that I was reading my scriptures on Sunday before I knew that Dad had passed away. I read I Corinthians 13: 4-18 and 12.

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These verses exemplified my father and particularly the last days of his life.

Donald Earl Lougee

Opening Hymn: Oh What Songs of the Heart

#286 “Oh What Songs of the Heart”

1. Oh, what songs of the heart
We shall sing all the day,
When again we assemble at home,
When we meet ne’er to part
With the blest o’er the way,
There no more from our loved ones to roam!
When we meet ne’er to part,
Oh, what songs of the heart
We shall sing in our beautiful home.

2. Tho our rapture and bliss
There’s no song can express,
We will shout, we will sing o’er and o’er,
As we greet with a kiss,
And with joy we caress
All our loved ones that passed on before;
As we greet with a kiss,
In our rapture and bliss,
All our loved ones that passed on before.

3. Oh, the visions we’ll see
In that home of the blest,
There’s no word, there’s no thought can impart,
But our rapture will be
All the soul can attest,
In the heavenly songs of the heart;
But our rapture will be
In the vision we’ll see
Best expressed in the songs of the heart.

4. Oh, what songs we’ll employ!
Oh, what welcome we’ll hear!
While our transports of love are complete,
As the heart swells with joy
In embraces most dear
When our heavenly parents we meet!
As the heart swells with joy,
Oh, what songs we’ll employ,
When our heavenly parents we meet!

Text: Joseph L. Townsend, 1849–1942 *Music:* William Clayson, 1840–1887;
D&C 76:58–66, 70; 1 Corinthians 2:9

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Invocation: By Loran Jones (Son-in-Law)



Our most dear Heavenly Father, we are indeed grateful to be here today and we pray for thy spirit to be with us at this time and invite it to be with each and every one of us that we might find peace and comfort. We would ask that thy spirit be with us that we might comfort those who stand in need of comfort and that we might mourn with those that mourn that we might have an eternal desire to be with thee again as a family; that we might have joy and rejoice by looking through the eyes of Donald Lougee as he looks over his family; that we might have a desire to all be part of that. I thank thee for thy love and for thy son and for the atonement. Again we invite thy spirit to be with us at this time and I do so in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

(Recollections this prayer by Loren Jones) I thought it was time I wrote about my feeling saying the opening prayer (at) Dad's funeral. I was thinking about the scripture which says to mourn with those that mourn and to comfort those whose stand in need of comfort. Satan rejoices when we mourn. I think we need to see things through other people eyes, through Christ's eyes. There was a time during the funeral I was smiling. I was looking through your father's eyes, watching over his family and being home with God and having fought the good fight. It was truly a spiritual experience for me being there that week before he passed to the other side. He was truly one of my heroes.

(Recollections of this prayer by Bonnie Jones) In this prayer, Loren Jones asked that those attending may be able to see things as his Father-in Law saw them, that is, from "Dad's perspective." This was an interesting thought. He was saying, "help us see Dad's death from an eternal perspective", and to not be sad because Dad wouldn't have liked us to be sad. (Dad knows) that we will be able to see him again and that this is part of his eternal progression.

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Eulogy: By Bonnie (Lougee) Jones (Daughter)



Donald Earl Lougee was born April 20, 1930. He was the fourth child of John and Sarah Lougee. He was born Easter Morning in his Grandmother Clegg's house in Dubois, Idaho, where the family was living at the time. His growing up years were spent in several rural communities in southern Idaho. With the beginning of WWII, he moved with his family to Utah, where he lived in Logan and then Layton. He graduated from Davis High School in 1948. After graduation, he joined the Navy for three years. With the outbreak of the Korean War, his enlistment was extended an additional year, courtesy of President Truman.

After he completed his four years in the Navy, he entered Utah State University Forestry School. He graduated in 1956. While there, he met the love of his life, Marilyn Mower. They were married April 24, 1953 in the Salt Lake Temple. Recently Dad was asked what was the most important event of his life that he would like his family to remember. He said, "The day we were sealed in the Temple. Dad and Mom were married 54 years and had a great love for each other. Dad always supported Mom in her church callings and projects. He never wanted to be away from her. We learned very early to never say anything even slightly disrespectful to Mom. He loved her with all his heart and they are a great example to all of us.

Besides Mom, Dad had three great loves. The first one I am going to talk about is Forestry. He was a forester and proud of it! After college, he accepted employment with the Bureau of Land Management. His first job with the BLM was in Kanab, Utah. Here he had little to do with forestry, so he transferred to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho where he worked ten years. He worked in timber sales and inventory and forest development. He became Assistant Manager in the Coeur d'Alene office. However, his asthma became severe and so, in order to move to a drier climate, he took a

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transfer to Prineville, Oregon in February of 1967, where he lived until his death. He retired from the BLM in 1983. After four years, they decided that they couldn't get along without him, so he came out of retirement and worked another four years, finally retiring in 1991.

Dad's second great love was for his family. Besides being a loving, supportive husband, Dad was always a family man. He looked out for his sisters and his mother, especially after his father died in 1955. Dad was always one to pitch in at home, never afraid to change a diaper, help with canning, or washing dishes or cooking breakfast. He made toys and cedar chests for his grandchildren and fine furniture for Mom. His thought was always for his family. He took us for nature rides and family vacations.

Dad and Mom are the parents of eight children:

Bonnie Kay, who married Loren Jones
Kenneth Don, who married Jan Olsen
Wayne Reed, who married Debra Parkman
Gary John, who died in infancy.
Betty Rae, who married Scot Shipman
David Earl, who married Shelly Sharer
Douglas Alan, who married Suzanne Boileau
Cheri Ann, who married Dennis Richardson

Dad and Mom have 29 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. Dad had a special relationship with each child and grandchild.

Dad's third great love was a love of the Savior, Jesus Christ. He had an unwavering testimony of Him and His church. This was translated into service. His church callings included: Stake Clerk, Branch President, the first bishop of Prineville Ward, High Council, being councilor to Bishop Perry and Bishop Hart. His final call, and one that gave him joy, was that of Stake Patriarch. He also served two missions: 1991-1993 to South Africa, and 1995-1997 to Missouri.

I love my Dad and I will miss him! He was the kind of parent that I tried to be. He taught me right from wrong and then, he very rarely told me that I couldn't do something. Because of this, when he did tell me something, I listened to him. He was my hero!

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Special Musical Number: I Am a Child of God (Lougee Grandchildren Accompanied by Cheri Ann Richardson)

#301: I Am a Child of God

1. I am a child of God,
And he has sent me here,
Has given me an earthly home
With parents kind and dear.

[Chorus]
Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him someday.

2. I am a child of God,
And so my needs are great;
Help me to understand his words
Before it grows too late.

3. I am a child of God.
Rich blessings are in store;
If I but learn to do his will
I'll live with him once more.

Text: Naomi W. Randall, 1908–2001. © 1957 IRI *Music:* Mildred T. Pettit, 1895–1977.
© 1957 IRI

Psalm 82:6; Mosiah 4:15; D&C 14:7

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**Memories of Dad: by Douglas Lougee, read by
David Lougee (Sons)**



(David) A hard act to follow – Good morning! I am going to share some memories of Dad written by Douglas and maybe add a word or two of my own as I go along. I hope that it doesn't detract from the spirit of the meeting. We have some fond memories of Dad.

Written by LTC Douglas Lougee, USA MC - Baghdad Iraq 23
September 2007

Memories of Dad
23 September 2007
Baghdad Iraq

By
LTC Douglas Lougee, USA MC

I have been putting this assignment off for awhile. How can I possibly capture the essence of a man's seventy seven years on earth? How do you describe his walk, his talk, his touch, his way of being, especially a man as great and complex as Dad?

Some people would be surprised to hear me call Dad complex. Most people saw him as about as straightforward as can be—Dad did not hold back on his opinions. I don't think he had a political bone in his body—right was right, wrong was wrong, day was day and night was night. That is the way he was. Yet how many people knew that Dad had other sides—how many knew that the gruff forester was a talented artist? With pen he drew complex and beautiful designs, with a pen knife he carved complicated sculptures and in his beloved workshop he created beautiful functional furniture and cupboards.

By the way, I don't consider the two boats he built in the garage so functional—but the first was definitely beautiful even if the second was

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some kind of misbegotten tugboat. But he only made the second one that way because he knew Mom was afraid of the way that a sleek sailboat tilted to the side as it took to the wind.

Dad was a different kind of father. He did not play ball with us, nor take us to little league. He didn't take us hunting and I don't think he knew how to relate to us as young children. Later in life, he got better with practice and it was obvious that he enjoyed the company of his young grandkids.

We knew our Dad was different than other kids' fathers, but like Scout said in one of Dad's favorite books, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, by Harper Lee "we found him satisfactory". He worked hard, sang silly rhymes at the breakfast table, and drove a big green truck to work in the woods. He was definitely the leader and the patriarch of the home, calling the family to prayer twice a day and to home evening once a week. Yet he was never overbearing nor did he meddle in our lives—if we asked his advice he would give it. If he thought we were out of line or going down a bad road, he told us, but he never used force. In fact, I only remember him spanking me once—and I am sure I deserved it. He usually left those honors to Mom.

Dad had a funny "Lougee" walk. Like his Mother and Sister, he could walk very fast, but had his feet splayed outwards. He could out walk me even when he was in his late fifties and I was in my twenties. Long after I was tired and footsore, he would be happily crunching down the pumice trails of LaPine, carrying his theodolite over his shoulder, whistling a tune or going over survey data out loud to himself.

Like most Dads, he had his canned lectures—probably the most memorable is the "happy or sad" speech. It seemed that Cheri caught the brunt of this particular favorite, I think she wasn't much of a morning person and would be kind of grumpy. It went something like this "Cheri there are two kinds of people in this world, you can be happy or you can be sad" The situation for this lecture was usually early in the morning, Mom and the big kids had left for seminary and Dad was washing the breakfast dishes.

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I don't know if many people outside of the family know this, but Dad washed those breakfast dishes for years so Mom could get out of the house early enough to get to seminary. He would always put bleach in the rinse water and us younger children would take the dishes out of the water and dry them. I can almost see him now, washing the dishes, hearing him give Cheri the happy and sad speech, and smelling the odor of bleach water. Then Dad would head out the door, dressed in his work uniform of black straight leg jeans, plaid flannel shirt, and logger boots. If it was cold, he would wear a big red and black plaid coat and a stocking cap—not over his ears, but perched on the top of his head. If he was going to be in snow, he brought along his green rubber snow boots. For many years, he rode his five speed bicycle to work, complete with two large baskets in the back to hold his lunch pail.

The man was a genius with numbers. He loved to work out complex problems that involved surveying, angles, trigonometry and statistics. He quickly did math in his head and wrote it down in green ledger sheets. Late in his career, he pioneered the use of small computers to do complicated statistical forestry work, such as figuring out how many board feet were in a particular stand of skinny lodgepole pine. Dad was an expert at taxonomy, the science of identifying plant species. He could go down a trail and list the species by common and scientific name. I still remember many of them—*Psuedotsuga Mensezii* (Douglas Fir) *Pinus Contorta* (Lodgepole pine). Even though he was a forester by trade, he also knew shrubs and grass species and what type of forage was preferred by both wild and domestic animals. After he retired, he continued to appreciate nature by taking a daily three mile walk with Mom, counting and identifying the various birds and wild animals that they would see.

As a boy, I considered it high adventure to go with Dad on his work expeditions. He drove around the Central Oregon backwoods in a big government four wheel drive pickup. The roads might seem atrocious to me but he would laugh and call it a “good road”. He thought it silly that so many people paid money for four wheel drive vehicles and rarely drove them off the pavement. He was proud to be an expert backwoods driver and could remember every one of the few times that he actually needed to put the truck in four wheel drive.

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Sometimes we would tromp through snow as he laid out a timber sale that would not be ready for several months. Sometimes he would be checking up on an on-going sale-- making sure that the company was not stealing trees from the government. Sometimes we would pull up at some falling apart camp-trailer in the middle of nowhere where he would track down an old logger who had taken a contract to thin trees. Even though Dad was college educated, he treated all people the same—the educated and wealthy would get the same straight talk he would use on the toothless old relic out at the homely thinning camp.

Dad wasn't much for leisure. He liked deep sea fishing, but rarely went. I don't think golf or tennis ever was anywhere near his radar screen. What he enjoyed the most was building things. An addition to the house, boats, furniture, a sprinkler system, and of course, he loved woodwork of any kind. He wasn't much for conversation for conversation sake either. When we would stay up late laughing and joking, he would say –“that's enough of this silliness” and head to bed to read. If he liked a book, he would read it over and over. Some of his favorites were *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *Escape from Colditz Castle* and *Reach for the Sky*, the story of the legless English Fighter Pilot, Douglas Bader.

Dad had certain sayings that we never heard from anyone else except his family. “Get your feet dressed” meant to put your shoes and socks on. “Post-hole” was the breakfast drink Postum. He occasionally cussed but nothing too dramatic and never without a good reason. As kids we loved to hear the story about when he and mom were first married and he went out to work in the woods one day when road conditions were bad. He came home and said “it was slicker'n snot on a doorknob today.” Mom had a fit and made him promise never to say that again, which he kept. We only heard the story from Mom, never from him.

Two of my favorite memories from later years were when he discovered the world of the Global Positioning System (GPS) and the time we fixed the toilet two Christmases ago. Loving all things to do with land-navigation and after a lifetime of compass and surveying work, Dad took to GPS like a duck to water. I introduced him to the sport of Geocaching, where GPS receivers are used to locate worthless buckets of cheap souvenirs. Dad loved it, and we spent several memorable days riding around in his truck out in the woods tracking down the little treasure

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boxes. He seemed to be back in his youthful prime as he playfully raced me and my son Seth to the coordinates-hiking up trails, and clambering over rocks. All the while bragging about how his GPS machine was better than mine. Then he would climb in his big truck, head barely above the steering wheel, and drive off to the next Geocache site.

Unplugging the toilet was an opportunity for Dad to use his brain on a practical problem. Dad had spent years unclogging our sewers. He could fix anything, but for some reason he could not get the toilet unclogged this time. So we spent an entire day going back and forth to the store trying one remedy after another—chemical, mechanical and finally even biological. It was fun to see his intelligent practical way of approaching life's little problems, but I guess you would have had to be there to understand.

When Dad got sick, I selfishly wanted him to stay with us longer; even if he could not do all the things he loved, I thought he could continue to give us his strength and wisdom. I should have known better. Even though Dad was a deep thinker he was a man of action. Not in the Hollywood sense, but in the sense that he most enjoyed the doing—the thinking was just a means to getting something accomplished.

I can see Dad through the eternities, puttering away, solving the practical problems of the next life. He loved to problem solve, build and create—all Godly traits. He was honest, a straight shooter and had integrity beyond reproach. He treated his fellow men fairly and loved his wife and children. If there were people who did not like him, it was usually because he told them uncomfortable truths—and he did not sugarcoat it. I will miss him greatly—and hope to be half the man he was.

(David) May I just add in closing, my testimony to this I never once questioned his love and his respect for me and for our family. I never once questioned his integrity and the good man that he was. Though we will miss him and we already do; though we love him deeply we're happy that he is rid of his pain and the sorrows of this world. I testify to you that he does live just as God our Father and Jesus Christ lives, Donald Earl Lougee still lives and we appreciate and love him for the man he is.

Donald Earl Lougee

Special Musical Number: Ye Elders of Israel,
Sung by the Lougee Family Male Chorus Accompanied
by Scott Shipman (Son-in-Law)

#319: Ye Elders of Israel
(Men)

1. Ye elders of Israel, come join now with me
And seek out the righteous, where'er they may be—
In desert, on mountain, on land, or on sea—
And bring them to Zion, the pure and the free.

[Chorus]
O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell;
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.

2. The harvest is great, and the lab'ers are few;
But if we're united, we all things can do.
We'll gather the wheat from the midst of the tares
And bring them from bondage, from sorrows and snares.

3. We'll go to the poor, like our Captain of old,
And visit the weary, the hungry, and cold;
We'll cheer up their hearts with the news that he bore
And point them to Zion and life evermore.

Text: Cyrus H. Wheelock, 1813–1894 *Music:* Thomas H. Bayly, 1797–1839, adapted

D&C 133:7–9, 14; D&C 75:2–5

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Memories of Dad: Betty Rae (Lougee) Shipman (Daughter)



I want to thank you for coming today and sharing your love and respect for my dad. Our family has truly felt encircled by the love of my parent's good friends and family. We want to thank you for that.

My Dad loved music. He wasn't a great musician and wasn't particularly musically inclined but he loved music and the musical numbers that are being sung at this meeting are ones that he chose that he wanted to have presented.

I've been asked to share some family memories. I've tried to pick and choose memories that will show you the type of man my Dad was, just a few snapshots of his life.

First some stories of his childhood: Dad was a child during the great depression, and often the family had to live with relatives when my grandfather was out of work. When they were living with his Uncle Lee, my dad's chore was to walk to his grandmother's house each morning and bring back a bucket of milk. One morning while walking back from his grandmother's house, a tame deer followed him home. It even let him pet it. Dad ran in the house and told everyone that a deer had followed him home. No one would believe him. They thought he was teasing them. Uncle Lee said it was probably just a big dog. No one would even go look, until Uncle Lee heard a noise at the front door and opened it to find a deer right at the door. Dad was the only one that the deer would let touch it, but it stayed around in the yard like a pet for several days.

Another time when he was walking home from school, Dad said it felt like he had a little imp on his shoulder whispering in his ear to say bad words. So he started yelling out all the foul words he had ever heard. Then all of a sudden he heard a voice in his head that said, "This not right."

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You need to stop it right now.” Dad said that he never again in his entire life ever used any of those words again.

My grandmother said that sometimes dad would get kind of naughty, especially at the dinner table. When they had had as much as they could handle they would tell him to go get in the closet. So he would go to the closet, and when he came out he was just grinning. My grandfather would say, “I wonder what he finds in the closet to make him smile.”

My grandmother said that even from a very young age, Dad was always good and obedient, so they let him govern himself and he almost always made the right choice. My dad didn’t want to do anything that would disappoint his mother. When he was in the navy he was sometimes pressured to smoke or drink, but he never did because he knew it would hurt his mother.

My parents met at a college basketball game. They were engaged and married within four months of the day they met. Recently Dad said that the most important event in his life was the day he married my mother. And he attributed the success of his family to the choice he and mom made on the day they were married to kneel together and have family prayer.

My earliest memory of Dad was just the feeling of safety. Wherever my Daddy was, I was safe. I remember waking up in the night with nightmares, and I’d get out of bed and go to Mom and Dad’s room. And all I needed was to just peek in the room to make sure Dad was there, and I knew nothing could hurt me.

My father was fiercely loyal and protective of my mother. Anyone who said or did anything disrespectful to my mom, quickly heard about it from Dad, and knew never to make that mistake again. I remember one Mother’s Day during my teenage years when all of us thoughtless kids neglected to get a gift or card for Mom. I remember Dad telling us (quite firmly), “I don’t care if it is Sunday. You get downtown and get something for your mother.” This is from the man that would never even think of setting foot in a store, restaurant, gas station, or any other place of business on the Sabbath. He called my mother “a jewel” and made sure we knew that she deserved our total love and respect.

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My Dad loved nature. He loved the forests and trees, the deserts, the ocean and the beaches. One morning, in the week before he left us, I heard Dad talking in the other room. He had been seeing things that none of the rest of us could see, so I was curious about what he was saying. So I went in and asked, "Dad, who are you talking to?" He said, "Just myself." And I asked, "What are you telling yourself?" He said, "The sky is up there, the sun is over there, and there is the horizon. We are so blessed." That's how he felt about the beauties of this earth. When we were children, he used to take the family out on outings. We would load everyone, which usually included all seven kids and a grandparent or two, and maybe an extra child, into the station wagon, and drive out to Big Summit Prairie or the Mowry Mountains. You can imagine what it was like in the back of that car driving down these little dirt trails with rocks the size of watermelons and potholes the size of a bathtub. It was always a great adventure to go explore the world with Dad. A few years back I went salmon fishing with dad. No one else would go out on the ocean with him. I never told him, but I about froze to death, I was queasy the whole time, and pulling in a 12 pound salmon about pulled my arm off and made me sore for days. But I loved just watching how much fun he was having. A few weeks ago, my brother asked Dad what goals he had for the time he had left. Dad said he wanted to see the Oregon coast one more time. I'm sorry he didn't make it.

Sometime more that 20 years ago, Dad's work took him out to the high desert somewhere off between Bend and Burns. As he was walking through the sand and sagebrush, he saw a weathered board on the ground. He kicked it—he said foresters are always kicking things to see what they are. The board flipped over and on it was some painted lettering. It said "Old Latrine Co B 735 Tank Bn" and the date "10- -43" During my teenage years, this piece of wood hung on our bathroom wall and I didn't ever know it's significance. But my Dad was a WWII fan, and he knew that during the war General Patton had trained a tank battalion out in the Oregon desert. About two months ago, after we had learned of Dad's diagnosis, Dad asked for someone to take that board and get it to someone who would appreciate it. My brother Douglas took on that assignment. He did some research on the internet and located a man named Col. Moore who was the commander of Company B of the 735 Tank Battalion. Col. Moore, who must be quite elderly, was about to go to a reunion of the men

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who are left of that battalion. Col. Moore explained that the sign was a marker of a filled-in out house to tell everyone not to dig in that particular spot. The board was mailed to him, and apparently was the highlight of the reunion. One week before Dad passed away, Col. Moore called Dad, to tell him about the reunion. Apparently, the sign will now be placed in a military museum with Doug's written explanation of how it came to be found, and photos of Dad and of the area the sign was found in.

One of my favorite times spent with dad was a day about two years ago. Dad took me and a van full of grandkids out to the ranch where the Rahis were living. Brother Rahi took us all on ATV's out though the fields which had quite a bit of snow. At one point Dad got separated from the rest of us, and we couldn't find him. I kept thinking, "Oh great, here's a 75 year old diabetic, who hasn't eaten, and has a small child with him, lost in the snow. Now what are we going to do?" After we frantically searched for what seemed like hours, here comes dad putting over the hill. He wasn't lost; he just wanted to see the view from the other side of the hill.

Dad loved to travel and see the world. When he and Mom were called to serve a mission in South Africa, it was a dream come true. They visited the wild animal parks and explored the jungle. I understand he even went swinging on vines like Tarzan. They got to know the native people and learn about their culture and way of life. He loved them and they loved him. But the best part was the privilege of teaching and testifying of Jesus Christ. I know many of you have heard his testimony and know of his absolute faith in the Savior and our Father in Heaven's plan of happiness. I can truly echo the words of the Sons of Helaman, "I do not doubt, my Father knew it. Recently he wrote for his family, "I bear testimony to my family and all who care to listen. I know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true. I have had many witnesses...I know as I leave this life that I will be ushered into a world where the Savior and God the Father live, and I will be able to communicate with them. I challenge anyone who has a desire for such a thing, that they only have to live the commandments."

One of the highlights of my father's life was when we celebrated Mom and Dad's 50th wedding anniversary. We had a week-long family reunion then went as a family to the Portland temple. Dad was so pleased to have

Funeral Service

all seven of his children, their spouses, and several of the grandchildren together in the temple.

Doug mentioned that growing up we frequently heard Dad say, “You can choose to be happy.” Actually the whole quote was, “You can choose to be happy or you can choose to be sad.” This was truly Dad’s philosophy of life. To him right is right and wrong is wrong and there’s no in between. He taught us that our success and happiness in life is based on the choices we make, and wrong choices can never bring happiness. So anytime we were miserable, he let us know we better examine the choice that got us there.

About a week before Dad died, the pain left him. He got such a sweet smile, and he became almost child-like. Sometimes we had to laugh when he misunderstood things he heard, like when he told mom his pain number was about \$1.75 per gallon. The first night we had the hospital bed, he wanted us to roll him through the kitchen so he could watch Jeopardy with us. It has been a gift to spend some of these last days with him and mom. Thank you for the kindness you have shown to Mom and to our family. We have felt your love, and have felt a great comforting peace.

I want to testify that I know life is eternal. This life we live here on earth is just a blink in our existence. My father has left us, but he has rejoined other loved ones who are rejoicing in his success. Families can be eternal. Our loving God has provided a way for us to live with those we love for eternities. A favorite scripture that has been of comfort to me is Mosiah 2:41. “And moreover, I would desire that ye should consider on the blessed and happy state of those that keep the commandments of God. For, behold, they are blessed in all things, both temporal and spiritual; and if they hold out faithful to the end they are received into heaven that thereby they may dwell with God in a state of never ending happiness. Oh remember, remember that these things are true; for the Lord God hath spoken it.

Donald Earl Lougee

Special Musical Number: My Home

(Vocal solo by Cheri Ann Richardson, accompanied by Marie Mower)



My Home

Home is where we go at the end of the day
When we're tired and we're looking for peace;
It's a place where our hearts will find joy and sweet rest
And the day's toil and strife will cease.

My home, my home, dear home of my birth,
In my heart I return to your door,
And it's warmth opens wide as it welcomes me inside,
And I know I am home once more!

Home is where we go when our life is complete;
When we've lived, loved and served here on earth,
We return to our Father, to his tender care,
To the Home that we left at birth.

My home, my home, dear home of my birth,
In my heart I return to your door,
And it's warmth opens wide as it welcomes me inside,
And I know I am home once more!

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(*My Home*, words and music by Janie Smith Nebeker, Layton, Utah.)

Speaker: Wayne Lougee (Son)



Good Morning. I am still wondering why I was the one chosen to give the serious talk. This is the first talk in my life that I have written completely out. (I usually talk from a few brief notes.) But, I felt that I could not get through this talk without having something to read from.

The Door

There is a door, through which we all must pass,
When we leave this earthly sphere;
But those who prepare and endure to the last,
Have no need to fear.

We cannot escape this final journey of our years,
Or run from this unsought fate;
With Temple blessings though, we may shed many tears,
Families need never become separate.

Today I wish to speak about several principles of our Father in Heaven that will bring great joy into our lives if we chose to believe and act upon them.

First Principle: Families were made to be forever

Our Heavenly Father knows and loves each of us. He wants us to be happy, but because He is a wise caring Father He will not force us to be

Donald Earl Lougee

happy. Heavenly Father has prepared a plan for our happiness if we choose to follow him. One of the main points of His plan is that He has declared that Families were made to be forever.

Second Principle: God gave Adam and Eve the Freedom to choose to be a family, and we can make this same choice

God will not force us to belong to an eternal family. He even gave our first parents the ability to make this choice to be a family in the true eternal sense. Adam and Eve chose by themselves to follow God's plan to establish theirs and our family here on earth.

Third Principle: The Lord's Temple is where Families are sealed together; our homes are where eternal families are sustained.

Through modern revelation we learn that it is only in His Holy Temples that eternal families are formed. It is there that families are sealed together for all eternity. But, if we are to partake of these blessings, we must choose to do so. In the Doctrine and Covenants, our Savior has taught us that there are two kinds of bonds that may tie families together, earthly and eternal. Earthly bonds do not have the power to bind families beyond the grave. Here is what our Savior has said:

7 All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations, that are not made and entered into and sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time and for all eternity, are of no efficacy, virtue, or force in and after the resurrection from the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end have an end when men are dead.

13 And everything that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men, by thrones, or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me or by my word, saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God.

14 For whatsoever things remain are by me; and whatsoever things are not by me shall be shaken and destroyed.

(Doctrine and Covenants | Section 132:7 - 14)

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I am eternally grateful that my parents not only were sealed in God's holy Temple, but they also lived up to the covenants that they made in that holy place by establishing a home where the Lord's Spirit could abide. It was in 1953 on the 24th of April, that my Father took my own mother to the Salt Lake Temple and was sealed together. That was the day they chose to be an eternal family. The blessings of that temple marriage will be felt for many generations to come. Even though my Father has passed away, our family is sealed together and as a family we are still one.

I am also grateful that before my earthly father was born, his parents had the wisdom to go to the Temple and be sealed as a family. As you can see, when my father was born he was already a part of an eternal family and he belonged to his parents not just for this world but also for the world to come.

Though it is in the Temple that families are formed, it is in the home that families are sustained and perfected. A righteous Father and Mother presiding over their family in a home where our Father's Gospel is taught will do much to ensure that the blessings of the Temple bring that family back together in the next life.

First Dream

Several weeks before my Father passed away, I had a dream. I dreamt that I was watching my father as he sat in a row of seats. It could have been in a bus or a chapel I never tried to determine just where we were. As I watched my Father, I saw him rise up from his seat and move across the aisle and approach a married couple sitting on the other side. They both rose too and my Father gave them each a hug. It was then that I realized that I was witnessing my Father embrace his Father, a man that I have never seen in this life. My own Father had been reunited with his parents who had gone on before him. Waking from this dream I knew that my Father is not alone. I also thought of my brother Gary who died as an infant 49 years ago. For 49 years Gary has been without a parent and now because of the blessings of the Temple he is now reunited with his earthly Father.

How do we become an eternal family?

Donald Earl Lougee

The Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us that our Heavenly Father has provided a plan of salvation for us that we can return to live with him. Paramount in this plan is the concept that the Family is the basic unit in the highest degree of God's Kingdom. We all lived as God's spiritual children before we were born into this world. We chose to come to earth so that we could experience life here within an earthly family. Our loving Heavenly Father did not leave us to our own devices here on earth; He provided Prophets and other spiritual guides to help us make the correct decisions for us to return to our Father. Heavenly Father also provide us with a body of flesh and blood that we may become more like Him and more fully experience life on earth.

God's plan

When we leave this earth, our earthly body is laid aside for a period, but our spirit quickly returns to our Father in Heaven. Alma teaches us: that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body, yea, the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life. And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow. It is here that we wait the resurrection of our bodies, for we know that because of the resurrection of Jesus Christ all God's sons and daughters will also be given the gift of resurrection.

Second Dream

I wish to testify that our family members who pass on are happy and their time is well employed. I will tell you of another dream I once had. When I was a teenager, one of my most beloved cousins passed away after a period of illness. Though I didn't live close to my extended family at that time, I had always felt very close to my cousin Patsy and when she passed away I was troubled in my mind as to her circumstances and what she was doing. One night, while sleeping on the couch in the home which Patsy had grown up in, I had a dream. I dreamt that I also died. I felt my spirit leave my body (which I was able to view below me as my spirit lifted towards heaven) and I found myself in what I assumed was the spirit

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world. This world looked to me as if it was a large office building. I searched the length of this building for my cousin only to finally find her working in a small office with filing cabinets. I wanted to stay and talk, but she was busy with her own work and I could see that she was not unhappy where she was. This dream was the most vivid dream I had ever had and I awoke feeling that this experience had been more than just a dream. As I awoke, the sun was just coming over the Wasatch Mountains, a bright ray of sunshine struck the picture of my cousin that sat on the living room mantel and for a very brief moment I thought I saw her picture smile at me. Whether this dream was of God or just of my own mind, I don't know, but I do know that from that time on I never worried about my cousin or the welfare of my family members who have passed on.

Our Responsibility

As I have already said, every one of us who have chosen to come to earth belongs not only to God's family, but also belongs to an earthly family. According to God's plan, we must choose for ourselves here on earth if we want to continue to be a family in the hereafter. Our Heavenly Father has provided Temples in which we may seal our families together for eternity. But, and this is important, we must qualify to be able to go to the temple. We must make the right decisions here on earth. Now is the time for us to act.

My father has gone on. He has finished all he can do here on earth, but we have not. It is for us that we should be concerned for today not my Father. Abraham Lincoln, as he dedicated the graves of fallen soldiers in his Gettysburg Address stated that it is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work. Though he may have been referring to the unfinished war that was raging, in a higher sense we can use these words to remind us of the spiritual war that is raging for our very souls and for the wellbeing of our family. My Father has gone on. It is now for us the living to carry on that fight. If we are to find happiness in this world and the life to come, we must choose our Father's plan.

I ask you, what are you doing with your own time? What choices have you made? Have you provided for yourself and your family, not just for this world, but for all eternity? Alma teaches us that this is our time of probation. If you have not been sealed as a family, have you started to

Donald Earl Lougee

prepare? If you have been to the Temple, have you kept the covenants that you made there? This is not the time to stand uncommitted on the sidelines watching others prepare. We only have this time. Can we waste our time on the things of the world that will not last? Our Savior has taught us:

9 ¶ Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

(New Testament | Matthew 6:19 - 21)

I pray that we all may make our “families” the treasure that we lay up unto the Lord, and that we do it in the proscribed way which we know that neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

My Testimony

This year was meant to be the year we held our next family reunion. We have been holding them every other year for approximately the past 20 years. However, this year our family has held not one, but several reunions. In August, we all came together as an earthly family and held a Family Council. We now meet together as a large extended Family with friends and relatives to renew our commitment to our Father’s Plan of Salvation. But also, think of the glorious family reunion that my father is still participating in as he reunites with his parents, child, brother and sisters. This is not a time of sorrow. It is a time of joy and much happiness. God’s Plan is working. Families are being united. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is true. I rejoice in My God. I rejoice in my Savior. Their goodness and grace have had an effect in the lives of this family.

My Savior lives. He paid for my sins and suffered for all of my pain. He suffered for all of my Father’s pain. My Father has been received of his Savior. He has gone ahead to prepare a place for his family who will some day follow in his footsteps. I know that there is a Spirit World that is very close to us if we but learn how to feel its presence. Just as Lehi’s family accused him of being a visionary man, I know that I too come from a family of many great visionary men and women who have at times have seen beyond this earthly veil. I testify to you that because of our Savior,

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my Father lives. He cares for us and is still working for our family's exhalation. He part of our family and has never left us.

I would like to add that as a young boy sitting over here on the side during fast and testimony meetings, my father stood at this pulpit and he would point to that window and he would say, "Just as I know the light is coming from that window I know that my Father un Heaven lives." I, too, testify just as much as I know the light is coming from that window my Heavenly Father lives, my Savior lives and my father lives.

In closing, I would like to read another poem that I hope you may find appropriate to this point in time. It speaks to us and our ongoing responsibilities to go forth from this place and make the needed changes in our lives so that we too can kneel before our Savior and receive the rich blessings that come to eternal families.

In Our Time

Alma taught this life is our time to prepare,
That we may be worthy to meet our Lord;
And with our Savior become our Father's Heir,
If we but strive to follow His Son's every word.

In this life we are given the freedom to choose.
That we may define our lives for good or evil;
With wrong choices, heavenly treasures we lose,
But great joy may be found in doing God's will.

"It is for us the living" who have this time to prepare,
Others who have gone on before have finished their task;
So today as I humbly kneel before God in prayer,
And plead for strength that I may do all that God may ask.

With great love in my heart for my Father, and gratitude for my Savior, I would like to close in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen

Donald Earl Lougee

Speaker: R. David Perdue, Pres. Redmond, Oregon Stake



There is a sweet spirit here today, Sister Lougee. My guess is Brother Lougee helped prepare this service. I feel like he is smiling and is well pleased with what has occurred here today.

It is hard for me to not think of Brother Lougee as Bishop Lougee because when my family and I moved to Prineville for a second time in 1969, it was Bishop Lougee and he is the first Bishop that I have a memory of. We were a pretty nondescript family. My mother is married to a non member of the church – so a part member family – I was 12 years old at the time. My sister would have been 10 years old and we would have had a 1 year old little brother at the time – my brother Dan.

So I cannot come into this chapel and not think about Bishop Lougee and what a kind and loving man he was and the precious memories that I have of him. I remember back in the days when we would come at 6:00 at night and have sacrament meeting I was asked to be the youth speaker and I don't know whether I was 12 or 13 years old but I remember I was sitting up here behind the bishopric and as I came up here to this very pulpit and as I was wont to do in those days I hadn't prepared very well for my remarks and as I stood here before the congregation that night in sacrament meeting I froze. Every thought that was in my head left my mind and I just stood here speechless. I remember Bishop Lougee coming up and putting his arm around me and simply telling me that it was okay to sit down.

I have heard from your children that he loved to build. I bear witness to you, Sister Lougee and to your children and to your grandchildren and everyone in attendance that the greatest thing that he has build is right here in the first few rows of the chapel. What a blessing it is. President Allen leaned over to me and said how amazing is it that in April of 1953 (is that when you got married) a young couple got married and now look at this

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legacy that will continue for generations. That is the good news of the gospel of Jesus Christ!

I don't know if your mother or grandmother shared with you but in our stake conference last March we had a visiting authority, Elder Perry, who is an area seventy. We had all given our remarks and Elder Perry was the concluding speaker. He stood here at this pulpit and was delivering his remarks and he had begun and he had said a few words and then he stopped and he paused and he turned to your husband, your father, your grandfather and said we would like to hear a testimony from Brother Lougee. He came up and he shared a testimony just as clear and as strong as Wayne just made reference to. I called Elder Perry the other day and thanked him for being in tune with the spirit and giving Brother Lougee one final time as our patriarch to share his testimony with members of this stake.

I was going to talk about the Plan of Salvation. Wayne did an excellent job of doing that so I don't feel the need to do that. I will simply say this, as we read the scriptures we read of a plan that our Heavenly Father had for each of us. It is referred to by various names – the plan of salvation – the plan of redemption – the plan of mercy and the great plan of happiness. I would like today to focus on that final one, the great plan of happiness because though there are tears and though our hearts ache because we miss this great man there is joy and happiness in knowing where he is and as Wayne just so very well said, that families are indeed together forever.

We are taught that all of us when we were presented this plan in the pre-existence that we shouted for joy. Now stop and think about that for a minute. Why would we shout for joy when we fully understood that we would come into this mortal probation and that there would be adversity, there would be trial; there would be pain and sickness. Why would we shout for joy? The answer is quite simple. Because we also knew that there would be one, even a Savior, even a Redeemer that would take upon Himself all of the transgressions, the temptations, the infirmities, and the sicknesses of all mankind and make it possible for us to one day return into His presence.

Donald Earl Lougee

I heard Betty Rae talk about the experience that the family had in 2003 after your 50th wedding anniversary of being in the temple. All seven children, their spouses, and a few grandchildren as well; is that right, Sister Lougee; 21 people you told me were in the temple that day. There are times in my life where all the noise and busyness of this world depart and I am able to see with spiritual eyes what life is all about. When I heard Bishop Lougee and Sister Lougee tell me about that experience that was one of those times for me. I locked on that thought. I have told you this before but I will say it again that is what I want. I want one day sit in the temple with my children, with their spouses and any grandchildren that could be there at the time and to enjoy the sweet blessings of the temple. I hope on this day that all of you will hearken to that day and draw strength and joy from what you felt on that special day. Let me share with you a poem by Henry Van Dyke

I am standing by the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength,
and I stand and watch until at last she hangs like a peck of white cloud
just where the sun and sky come down to mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says :
- 'There she goes!

Gone where?
Gone from my sight - that is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull and spar
as she was when she left my side
and just as able to bear her load of living freight
to the places of destination.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says:
- 'There she goes! ',
there are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout :
- 'Here she comes!'

(Parable of Immortality)

My dear brothers and sisters my testimony to you is that on this day
there are those that are on the other side that are saying that very thing;
“here he comes, welcome!” And though our hearts are heavy and though

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we miss this great and humble man we know that he has lived a life of faith, and of service and of humility. And on this day he like the apostle of old says confidently, says boldly, I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Donald Earl Lougee

Closing Hymn: I Know That My Redeemer Lives

#136 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

1. I know that my Redeemer lives.
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead.
He lives, my ever-living Head.
He lives to bless me with his love.
He lives to plead for me above.
He lives my hungry soul to feed.
He lives to bless in time of need.

2. He lives to grant me rich supply.
He lives to guide me with his eye.
He lives to comfort me when faint.
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
He lives to silence all my fears.
He lives to wipe away my tears.
He lives to calm my troubled heart.
He lives all blessings to impart.

3. He lives, my kind, wise heav'nly Friend.
He lives and loves me to the end.
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing.
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
He lives and grants me daily breath.
He lives, and I shall conquer death.
He lives my mansion to prepare.
He lives to bring me safely there.

4. He lives! All glory to his name!
He lives, my Savior, still the same.
Oh, sweet the joy this sentence gives:
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"
He lives! All glory to his name!
He lives, my Savior, still the same.
Oh, sweet the joy this sentence gives:
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Text: Samuel Medley, 1738–1799. Included in the first LDS hymnbook, 1835. *Music:* Lewis D. Edwards, 1858–1921; Job 19:25; Psalm 104:33–34

Funeral Service
Benediction: By Dennis Richardson (Son-in-Law)



Our Heavenly Father, at this time we are thankful that we were able to be here for this memorial service. We are thankful for the good man that Grandpa Lougee was and is. We are thankful for the memories and the spirit that was here as we shared with each other. Heavenly Father we ask thou to bless each of us and especially his children and relatives that we might always remember the good things and always remember the strong person Grandpa Lougee is. That we can always remember his strong testimony and through our remembrance of him always build and strengthen our testimonies that we can remain and continue forward as eternal family that he and Grandma Lougee has started. Heavenly Father at this time we pray that thy spirit will be with us through the rest of this day to buoy us and strengthen us as we take care of the other business of the day. That we will have the strength that comes through communion with thy Holy Ghost and bless us that we can be strengthened. We ask and pray this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

Donald Earl Lougee

Dedication of Grave: By Bishop David Lougee (Son)



Our Father in Heaven, by the authority of the holy Melchizedek Priesthood, I dedicate and consecrate this burial plot, as the resting place for the body of Donald Earl Lougee, and I ask Thee that this site might be hallowed and protected until the Resurrection. We thank thee for this good man, for his life and what we have learned from him. Dear Father, may this always be a place where family and loved ones can come, to honor and remember thy faithful servant Donald, and that by so doing they may find joy in his life and in his service to Thee, his service to his country, and his kind and loving service to his family and friends. May we all rejoice in his good life, and ever give thanks to Thee, Dear Father, for the blessing of having had him with us here on earth. Father, may all family and loved ones know, that through thy boundless love, thy only begotten son, our savior Jesus Christ, came down to earth to show us the way, and to prepare the way, that we might return to live with Thee again. Please bless those who visit this site to know that Donald Earl Lougee has returned to live in thy presence. Dear Father, may this knowledge give peace and comfort to those loved ones who remain on earth, and may it give us all a bright hope, that through righteous living and through thy marvelous grace, we too may be reunited with all our loved ones in thy presence on high. All this we ask humbly, giving thanks for all things, in the name of thy beloved son, Jesus Christ, amen.

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Attendance:

Alan Lougee	Jacob Stewart Family	Sara Marie Yager
Amy Bell	Jennifer Goff	Sara Waddoups
Andrew and Sunny Jones	Jennifer Lougee	Scott and Meagan Lougee
Anna Lougee	Jesse and Linda Stewart	Shane and Laura Pope
Art and Jill Eveland	John and Carla Powell	Shannon Lepin
Barbara Lougee	John and Peggy Morgan	Sheila Kingston (Workman)
Bettie and Jack Carroll	Jon and Sharon Potts	Shelly Lougee
Betty Rae	Joseph E. Richardson	Stephanie Richardson
Bill and Nancy Smith	Juan Garza	Steve Hammond
Blain and Kathy Waddoups	Karen and Merlyn Perry	Sue and Jim Rahi
Bob and Bev Johnson	Kathleen Richardson	Sue Bell
Bob and Kerma Davis	Ken and Jan Lougee	Sunny and Angela Workman
Bob and Vickie Story	Kenneth Walker	Susan Garza
Bonnie Ettinger	Kyle Richardson	Tamara and Glen Moultrie
Brittnee and David Halbleib	Lark Shipman	Tano and Cande Perez
Bruce and Sue Williams	Laura Richardson	Tim and Faye Cooley
CaRene and Dennis Heap	Leland and LaRue Hale	Tim, James and Sarah Lougee
Carl and Faun Mower	Lisa Welker	Tracy Thompson
Carolyn Choate	Lonny and Joan Adamson	Van and Mary Ellen Harris
Cheri Shipman	Loren and Bonnie Jones	Velma Worthington
Cheryl Bott	Lyn Williams	Vicki Burkby
Darryl Story	Lynn and Marie Mower	Violet and Ray Bales

Donald Earl Lougee

Dave Perdue	Martha and Bill Case	Wayne and Debra Lougee
David and Shelly Lougee	Marvin and Kathleen Pugh	Wayne and Judy Winter
David Fisk	Mary Harris	Wayne and Marie Marten
Debra Lavon West	Michael Shipman	Whit and Loretta Swan
Dennis and Cheri	Mitch and Leah Wilcox	
Diana R.	Nikki Hepworth	
Diane Gillett	Nola Kaufman	
Dick and Sharon Kendall	Pat and David Baker	
Don and Alice Zurcher	Patty Harris	
Donald and Jeanie Talbot	Paul and Patsy Dunn	
Donald Jones	Randy, Judy and Shane Lusk	
Doug and Dorene Ashcraft	Rick and Cheree Thomson	
Elizabeth Lougee	Rodger Blank	
Gary Lougee	Ron and JoAnne Thompson	
Geo. Hudson	Roy Roger Reynvan	
Glen Ellen and Alan Hudspeth	Rulon and Berniece Workman	
Gwen Daley	Ruth Olson	
Holly Lougee	Sam and Jenniann Workman	

Photographs

Chapter two

Photographs: This chapter contains pictures of Donald Lougee as a child and adult.



Donald Earl Lougee



Age seven



Don at age six



While living in
Dubois, ID



Don and his Mother



Don and his sister Lucille



Don in the Navy



Aboard Ship



Another Navy Photo

Photographs



Don with his Father and
Grandmother Emily
Gambling



Graduation Day



Don at the Logan Tabernacle.



Don, Marilyn, Bonnie
and Ken



Utah State Forestry
Depart. Senior photo



Lougee family: Marilyn,
Douglas, Wayne, Betty Rae,
Bonnie Kay, Kenneth, Donald,
and David, January 1963



Don and Marilyn,
January 1963

Donald Earl Lougee



The family - 1965
Back: Bonnie, Donald, Marilyn holding



Don, 1965



Don and Marilyn



Don as the Prineville Ward
Bishop

Photographs



Don's first Sailboat



25 wedding anniversary



Stake Patriarch.



Front: Douglas, Betty Rae, Cheri Ann, David
Back: Ken, Marilyn, Bonnie Kay, Don, Wayne – 1967

Donald Earl Lougee



1980 Front: Tamara, Donald, David, Cheri Ann,
Andrew Middle: Marilyn, Douglas, Ken, Don Back:
Wayne, Debbie, Loren, Bonnie, Betty Rae, Scott



Don at home.



Don – fishing in Alaska

Photographs



Don, Marilyn and Missy



50th Wedding anniversary



1996



1991 Front: Betty Rae and Cheri Ann
Middle: Bonnie Kay, Marilyn, and Don
Back: Wayne, Ken, Douglas, and David

Donald Earl Lougee



The family – 2003
Front: Marilyn and Don
Middle: Betty Rae, Cheri Ann, and Bonnie Kay
Back: Douglas, Wayne, David, and Kenneth

Photographs



Don's 2nd sailboat



The family – August 2007

Front: Betty Rae, Don, and Cheri Ann

Back: Wayne, David, Marilyn, Douglas, Ken, and Bonnie Kay

Donald Earl Lougee



Don – August 2007

Letters and Notes

Chapter Three

Letters and Notes: This chapter contains most of the notes and letters that were sent to Marilyn Lougee at the time of her husband, Don Lougee's death. There also a few notes addressed to other members of the Lougee family upon the same occasion. Several of the notes mention Marilyn's birthday. Don passed away on September 23rd, one day before Marilyn's birthday. These notes and letters are not in any particular order. They have been placed here just for the purpose of showing the emotional support that was given to the Lougee family during this time.

Donald Earl Lougee

Here is the poem that I wrote today at our Father's funeral:

Good Bye

Good byes are never an easy thing,
It is very hard for close friends to part;
Tears flow freely from the eternal spring,
Emotions flow from the tender heart.

(Written 28 September 2007)

We had a very nice service today. I enjoyed the talks and the music. The day started out with a heavy rain, but by the time we were gathered around the grave site the weather had begun to clear. We have all over eaten this week. Every night some one brought us food. We will never finish all of this food. Wayne Lougee

Dear Family,

I love you all. I am sad that I will not see Grandpa when I come home. That being said it is all right. He is fine and doing what he needs to do now in the spirit world.

From Eric Lougee (Grandson, serving an LDS mission in Arizona)

Hi everybody,

I know you're mostly all here, but I just want to see if you're checking your email. For Eric, and Doug and Suzanne's family, we got through the funeral. We wish you could have been with us, but we understand your circumstances. The talks were all wonderful and there was a great spirit. And then at the cemetery an ROTC group gave Dad a 21-gun salute. All in all it was a wonderful service. Love, David Lougee (Son)

Letters and Notes

Dear Family,

I just wanted to let you all know that Bonnie's father, Donald Lougee, passed away Sunday, Sept. 23, about 6 pm. I was in Prineville visiting with her family after coming from Utah, visiting Tamara and Glen and their three beautiful girls and visiting Mom and my four beautiful sisters. It was quite a spiritual experience to be with my mother and with Bonnie's father. After Bonnie and her mother and family watched over Bonnie's father all night, I was able to sit with him while they rested. It was very touching for me. I was able to hold his hand and stroke his head and wipe his brow while he struggled for breath. Hospice left small sticks with sponges attached to moisten his lips and mouth. It reminded me of Christ on the cross when he asked for water and He received vinegar, for love and got bitterness. I was always envious of Arvon for being there when dad died. I was healed of that pain by pretending her father was my father. When we show love for others we show love to Christ and to our Father in heaven and to our father in heaven. Loren Jones (Son-in-Law)

(This was sent out from the Stake to all the Redmond, Oregon Stake and Ward leaders)

Hello Brothers and Sisters,

It is with great sorrow I inform you that Patriarch Lougee passed away sometime today (Sunday September 23, 2007). Funeral services are anticipated to take place on Friday Sept. 28. It is still early and these are tentative plans. President Perdue has asked that we keep the Lougee family in our prayers. Your fellow servant, Bro. Capson

September 24, 2007

Dear Mom

We all wanted to let you know how much we love you and hope you feel Heavenly Father's love and peace at this time. You have been such a great

Donald Earl Lougee

blessing in our lives and we appreciate all that you've done for us. We'll see you in a few days. Happy Birthday!

Love, Shelly (Lougee) and children (Daughter-in-Law)
(Don Lougee Passed away on the 23rd, just one day before Marilyn's birthday.)

Dear Sister Lougee:

I am sorry for your loss. I have had you and Brother Lougee in my thoughts and prayers since you last wrote and I pray that the sweet comfort of the Lord will be with you during this time of loss and always.

I am sure you are getting plenty of messages and comfort. I add mine to that list. While you may seem at a loss at this time, I echo the words you and Brother Lougee have given me. While I am saddened at his passing, I also understand that this releases him from his temporal suffering. At this time with our limited perspective of the eternities, the separation between now and when you will see him again may seem like a very long time, it is in fact but the briefest moment.

(Letter from Steve Starks continues)

I want you to know that I knew the Church and the Gospel was true from the very first moment that the missionaries taught me. But, it is the lessons that you and Brother Lougee taught me over the years, in priesthood, in seminary, during your family vacations, and at other times that has sustained and enhanced my testimony. I do know that you will see and be with him again. But, this next meeting he will be in the prime of health.

Of all the men I have known personally on this earth and even those that I have not known personally, I do not know of a finer man than Brother Lougee. And, I have been truly, truly blessed to have known him and you and to have been taught, instructed, lead, and blessed by the two of you. I know that he is in the rest of the Lord and that he is continuing his mission of service on the other side of the veil at this time.

Such as I may, I pray and invoke the blessings of peace and comfort of the Lord on you and your family.

Next to my mother, I love you and your husband as if you had been my parents. I am sorry that I do not write more frequently, but I do think of you and Brother Lougee often and I use the teachings, the leadership, and

Letters and Notes

especially the examples of the two of you as an anchor and a sustaining force in my testimony.

With all my love, Steve Starks (Long time close family friend)

Dear Marilyn:

I am so, so sorry. I did not hear about Don's passing until late last night when Ben called to tell me. He went so fast. Did you know he was that close and was your family able to be with him? I know that yesterday and today were very hard days for you and very emotionally and physically draining. Do you have family with you now?

I have been trying to figure out how I can come. I have been pricing airfare into Redmond. I don't know if I feel up to a twelve hour drive up and then again back. And, for me it would have to be a very fast trip. I would like very much to be there to support you, but I do not know that I can. I have been waiting to hear about the funeral arrangements. I appreciate you taking the time to send them out.

This has been a real emotional shock to me, even though you let us know it was coming. So I imagine his passing so quickly after the cancer was found has had its own emotional shock waves for you. My heart goes out to you -- for I have been where you are at. It is heartbreaking and very hard to go through. I pray for our Heavenly Father to wrap His arms around you and hold you close -- tonight, tomorrow, the next day and the next and the next -- and fill you with the strength you need to see this experience through.

I have been thinking about you a lot today -- wow, what a birthday. You are very much in my thoughts and in my prayers. I know how difficult this is.

I love you -- Cheryl Bott (Sister-in-Law)

Our Dear Marilyn

What can we say except we hurt for you and your family in the passing of a very important person in your life. How blessed we are to have the comfort of the Gospel at times of great change in our life structure.

We pray that loved ones are with you, as we are sure they are. Wish it was so we could be at Don's services.

We love you. A.D. & Ina (Marilyn's friend, Ina Lee Nelson Shaw)

Donald Earl Lougee

Marilyn,

I am so sorry to hear about Don. You will never know how much you have meant to Jared in his life, and subsequently me and Kaitlin. I know that you and Don both were inspirational to him. I am so glad we were able to come and visit with you and that I got to meet both of you.

Please know that our prayers are with you and that we love you. Charie Winburn (Friend)

We received the news this morning about the loss of Don Lougee. We have sat here and remembered our connections with him and his family and many fond memories. May you know of our love and hope for you at this time. Life is always too short on this end.

My husband (Don Grant) and I (Colleen Meacham) were both from Layton and lived in Verdeland Park. I attended school there with both Shirley and LaVon and have many memories of their family. Don has mentioned your Don many times over the years as both he and Howard Denny have shared enough memories to keep them busy for years. The memories were always good ones and ones we are always thankful for.

Our love to you and your family
Don and Colleen Grant
3055 West 3760 South
West Valley City, UT 84119

Dear Marilyn,

Joan and I were so saddened to learn of Don's passing. He was a very special man and you guys are so very close to us. As our missionaries, you brought us with kind and gentle hands to the doors of the church and stood by us as we progressed up through the various steps. We learned so much from you and appreciated your love and kindness. We will always

Letters and Notes

remember his wonderful smile and gentle disposition, and how happy he was when he was deeply involved in the Lord's work.

We know he will be missed by all those who knew him, but we also know that he now sits with Heavenly Father in the Celestial kingdom, where everything is perfect, and all is joy and happiness. There will be no more suffering - his body is now perfect and he now assumes an eternal life.

Our lives have been enriched by his presence here and we will forever be grateful for all he contributed to mankind. May God be with you dear Marilyn, during this time of sadness - may His love strengthen you and comfort you is our prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

We love you so much, Chuck & Joan (Don and Marilyn's friends, The Hitchborn's)

Dear Family:

I wanted to share some things with you before I forget them.

Today, Loren conducted Fast and Testimony Meeting. He bore a very sweet testimony. First, he talked about getting to see his Mom and how much she means to him. He expressed his gratitude that she is recovering. Then, he talked about Dad. He talked about sitting with him to give Mom a break on the last day of his life. He talked about holding his hand and patting his head. He said that he had missed being with his own father when he died and as he sat there, he felt like he was serving his own father also. He talked about swabbing Dad's mouth with the little sponge and how that made him think about the Savior on the cross when He said He was thirsty and was given vinegar to drink. He talked about how when we do what is right and serve others we are also serving our parents and serving Jesus. It reminded me of my thoughts on that last night. I saw Dad's hospital bed as his cross. I knew that he was put in that bed to die, just as Jesus was put on the cross to die and that Dad would not get out of that bed alive, just as Jesus would not get off the cross alive. How thankful I am for my testimony of the Savior. I have had complete peace that all is well and that I will see my father alive again. Bonnie Kay (Daughter)

We were so sorry to read about Don's passing, but knew that he did have many good years with all of you and his friends and will be missed. We

Donald Earl Lougee

certainly enjoyed many conversations “across the fence.” And, he is now in peace. – Jim and Casey Dutchuk (Neighbors)

Dear Marilyn, I am so sorry for your loss – love, Margaret Hudspeth
(Friend)

Our thoughts and prayers are with you at this difficult time. Carl and Faun
(Brother-in-Law)

Dear Marilyn and family,
I am sorry I wasn't able to come to Don's funeral, but I want to help with the funeral expenses. Don has been a good brother-in-law and you have helped me with getting Norma's Temple work done which I appreciate very much. I am going to miss Don along with you and your family. But, I am glad the Lord didn't let him suffer as long as some of my friends who have died with cancer. His lungs got infected with asbestos particles while serving his country and he is a war casualty even though he didn't die on the battle field. I am glad you have your Temple Marriage and Sealing. He was a valiant laborer in the Lord's Vineyard here on earth and is as ready to meet the Savior as anyone I know. Isn't it great to know for certain if we keep the Lord's commandments we will all be able to know him and associate with him again? My bad eyes and this pen makes it hard to write. Hope you can read this hen scratching. Love Verl (Waddoups)
(Brother-in-Law)

Please know that I care Marilyn. Bless you and your family. Sincerely,
Diana Redford (Jan Lougee's sister)

Our prayers and sympathy are with you – The Ontkos (Neighbors)

Letters and Notes

Thursday,

The news of Don's death reached us yesterday and hit us both hard. You are such special friends and your love for us means a lot to us. Our thoughts are of the good times we had together and the bread Don made for us – even my mother. A Smile just came as I realize Don and Mom are in the same place – maybe visiting right now. Mom passed away in August and Dad was waiting. Love, Karen (Jim and Karen Briggs)
(Friends from Marilyn and Don's Mission)

You are in our thoughts and prayers. We hope this small amount will be helpful towards Don's marker, one of your children's travel expenses or wherever you choose to use it. With love, A.D. and Ina (Friends)

Dear Sister Lougee; Our hearts were broken to hear of the passing of Bro. Lougee! Our thoughts and prayers are with you! Love, the Schmidts
(Friends)

(Card without a note) Juanita Lougee (Sister-in-Law)

Aunt Marilyn,

Today is the day of Uncle Don's Funeral. I wish we could be there with you but I am so glad that you have so much family love and support. I will (call) you next week. Take care and give the family our love. With love from Linda and Harmond (Niece)

Donald Earl Lougee

(Flowers) There's so little one can do or say, but may it help you to know that others deeply care. With love, Suzanne (Lougee) and the kids (Daughter-in-Law)

He will be greatly missed. I have many fond memories of a great spiritual man. Our love and thoughts, Dave and Donna Demaris (Friends)

Aunt Marilyn,

I am so sorry to hear about the passing of Uncle Don. We all loved him so much. Our hearts go out to you and your family at this heartbreaking time. I hope you will take comfort in the fact that he is now at peace and not in pain anymore. I look up to you and your wonderful example, and think of you often. Please know of our love for you and your family. You are in our thoughts and prayers. May you find comfort at this difficult time. With love from, Richard and Becky Ewell and family (Niece)

Monday, September 24, 2007: Marilyn, Know that we are thinking of you and praying for you. We will be home on Wednesday evening. If there is anything I can do please let me. We love you. Jess and Linda (Friends)

Monday, Oct. 1st

Dear Marilyn, It is with shock and sadness to read about Donald's passing. I remember your saying at the Super Cuts that he wasn't well, but didn't realize just how "unwell" he was. Oh, how many interesting things he did during his life. Did you go to South Africa with him? How exciting that must have been. Am so glad you have a family to get you through this sad time. I hope we can keep our acquaintance going. Thinking of you, Louise Snyder (Friend)

Letters and Notes

We love you very much. Jacob and Erin Stewart (Friends)

Marilyn and family, My thoughts and prayers are with you in this time of loss of your dear Don, such a wonderful person and friend. May you find comfort in the enduring beauty of God's world, and in the warmth of happy memories. With the passing of time, may the spirit of acceptance and inner peace enfold you. My thought and prayers are with you in your time of loss and sadness. One thing for sure don is at peace and will be of help in Heaven. He was a dear friend and family man. Sincerely, Rose Harnden (Friend from the Genealogy Library)

September 28, 2007

Dear Sister Lougee:

I am so sorry to hear of Brother Lougee's death. He must leave such a big hole behind. Even though I know, and most certainly have a strong testimony, of the Plan of Salvation, my finite mind has a hard time focusing on the milestone of completing life on earth and the wonderful reunion of those who preceded us in death, and not the loss to those of us remaining here in mortal life. I always thought you were such a good example of faith and good works to those of us I Seminary. And I hope the gospel is a comfort to you and all of the extended Lougee family.

I hope that faith in the Plan of Salvation, and the happy memories you and your family have carry you quickly through this time of loneliness. I hope the time will be short until you can smile while you do those things that remind you of Brother Lougee. He left a legacy of service and testimony of the Gospel for all of those who remember him.

The time I actually spent with you was short, as I look back over the years, but what a great influence you have been during the remainder of my life. How do I thank those who helped to form the very foundation of my testimony, and the comfort it has given me through the sorrowful times in my life? A card is really very insufficient to express my thanks

Donald Earl Lougee

for good people like you and my hopes for your comfort in this difficult time.

I hope the time will come when I can see you again and revisit the past. Please express my testimony of the comfort the Holy Ghost gives, to your family.

Sincerely, Becky Ray Clarkson (Friend)

Marilyn and Family

I thoroughly enjoyed working with Don! May his love and grace keep and encourage your family during this time of your precious loss. Love and prayers in Christ, Lonny and Joan Adamson (Don's co-worker and family)

I love you! BR (Daughter)

Canutillo, Texas

September 26, 2007

Dearest Sis, I'm not very good at expressing my feelings in situations like this. So hope you will bear with me. We were very saddened to hear of Don's passing and feel for you more than you might think. We know that after all those years together its like losing part of yourself and I guess it is. I'm not in very good health myself. Don't feel like I could make the trip to be with you in you're time of need. We love you and your family very much and know the hurt will ease up as time goes by. Sorry I can't be there. Love, Gale Mower (Brother-in-Law)

Canutillo, TX

Sept. 27, 2007

Dear Marilyn, It was good to hear your voice last night and talk to you. I knew you'd be strong and cheerful as that is the kind of person you are, but still wanted to let you know we care and our thoughts and hearts are

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with you. Gale already wrote and I suppose he said all that needed to be said except that I wanted to tell you how much I appreciated your calls and prayers and support when Gale was in the hospital in a crisis. And I apologize for not calling you sooner, but I'm sure you were busy with all that was going on. I'm sorry about your loss and I know words don't really help. Just time (will help). However, as Marie said she just wanted to be there to hold you. I wish I could be there for that too but I'm not real good in that area anyway so just know we're holding you in our hearts. You have a great family and wonderful children to be there for you. But, it still comes down to your own self (and your resources). We love you. Tell all your family we care. Love, Connie Mower (Sister-in-Law)

Dear Aunt Marilyn, cousins and family,
My thoughts are with you today and my heart has a sense of sadness! I wish I could have spent more time with you as I grew up. I feel I missed so much! You are all so special to me. I have such respect for the way Uncle Don lived his life. My mother can't say enough either about this brother she loved. May God bless you all with peace and comfort. May your memories bring you joy. I know Grandma and Grandpa Lougee are there greeting their son as are his other brother and sisters. The Gospel is the greatest blessing at times like this! I hope I can live so we can all be together there someday. I know we can! I know the Gospel is true! I love you all. Much love, your niece and cousin Carol Jean (Niece)
P.S. Wish I could come for the funeral! My thoughts and prayers are with you!

We had wanted to wait until Friday, so Sarah, Tim and John could sign. Then we thought it would be better to get it to you in time for your birthday. Thank you for being the best Mother-in-Law ever! I'm so blessed. I had great parents and great in-laws. You and Dad have been such great examples of living the Gospel to me. Thank you. Love, Jan Lougee (Daughter-in-Law)

Happy birthday Momma. I sure loved our visit. Ken Lougee (Son)

Donald Earl Lougee

Happy birthday. We'll remember you all year round. James Lougee
(Grandson)

Dear Sister Lougee,
Our loving thoughts go out to you at this time of sorrow. You are in our
prayers. If we can ever do anything for you, please let us know. With our
love, Bob and Bev Johnson (Friends)

29 September 2007

Dear Marilyn and family,

I want to write you and let you know that you and your family are in our
thoughts and prayers. I do not know what it is like to loose my soul mate,
but I do know what it is like to loose parents and a sister. I miss them but I
also know they are where they need to be in the time line of eternity. That
is such a solace to me. There is not a day that goes by that I do not think of
one of them and the wonderful times we had together.

We so enjoyed the services yesterday. That is what life is about.
Celebrate it. Enjoy in those things that you love about Don. He was and
continues to be a more than "awesome" person.

We love Don. He was one of the best Bishops we have had. He loved
Ron and I and our children. He was always interested in our
accomplishments. I talked to my Aunt Margaret (See) Skaggs yesterday.
She said that he had always been so good to her Mom. That she was Relief
Society President while he was Bishop and how my Grandma spoke so
highly of him. I thought you would like to know that.

Marilyn, I thank you and Don for raising a righteous family. You are an
example to all of us. I love your children and their families. I looked at
them yesterday and thought "when did they all get that old"? Then I
looked at me and knew how they did, one birthday at a time. You have an

Letters and Notes

exceptional family and you and Don and your family need to be told that. Thank you for being that example for me while raising my children.

I know that the coming days, weeks and months will be most difficult for all of you, but please remember that you have each other and your extended family and members of your church family that are there to lean upon. God did not leave us to do this alone. This I know.

Let me add my testimony of our Savior to you and your family. I too know that He is my Savior and that He lives. I am grateful for eternal families and knowing that we can be reunited again for eternity.

We love all of you.

Ron and JoAnne Thompson (Neighbors and long time church friends)

We love Don and will miss him greatly. (Don's Mower family in-Laws)

Gale and Connie Mower; Jack and Betty Carroll
Lynn and Marie Mower; Marvin and Kathleen Pugh
Barbara Mower; Judy Cannon
Merlyn and Karen Perry; Clyde and Dian Dahle
Carl and Faun Mower; Joe and Shirley Wall
Cheryl Bott; Alan and Linda Hastings

May his peace and the comfort of family, friends, and members of the church see you through this difficult time. Sincerely,

Van and Mary Ellen Harris

Wayne and Judy Winter (Friends)

Our thoughts and prayers are with your family. Yancey and Cathy Fall and family (Friends)

Donald Earl Lougee

(Card, but no note) Sara Marie Yager, Bonnie's friend/Tina Good's sister

(Card, but no note) Don and Alice Zurcher (Friends)

Love you lots. Please except our sincerest sympathy at this you hour of need. Love always, Sharon and Dick (Friends)

Betty Rae and Family,
With deep sympathy, love Lark Shipman (Daughter Betty Rae's Sister-in-Law)

Lougee Fam.
Our most sincere condolences on your loss. Our thought and prayers are with you.
Tano and Cande Perez and family (Friends)

(Card, but no note) David and Pat Baker (Friends)

(Card, but no note) Don and Lucille and family (Sister)

Please let me know what I can do for you and your family. Love Jack and Betsy West (Frineds)

Letters and Notes

We love you! Jess and Linda (Friends)

We sure love and appreciate you! David (Lougee) and Family (Son)

(Flowers) With sincere sympathy, Mower Family, brothers and sister
(Don's in-Laws)

(Flowers) My Thoughts and prayers are with you, Cherry Binder (Friend)

(Flowers) In loving memory, Roy Tidwell family (Long time family
friends)

(Flowers) We love you, and you and your family are in our prayers. Love
the Popes (Friends)

(Flowers) In loving memory of our dear brother Don. We'll miss you and
we love you. Don and Joanne Cunningham and family, Don and Lucille
Mickelson and Family, Vonnie West and family (Sisters)

(Flowers) Our thoughts and prayers are with you and your family during
this time. May peace be with you all. We love you very much. Steve and
Pam Starks (Long time family friends)

Donald Earl Lougee

(Flowers) Our thoughts and prayers are with you, Tano and Cande Perez
(Friends)

(Flowers) our thoughts and prayers are with you, John and Peggy Morgan
(Friends)

(Flowers) May the Lord give you comfort at this time. Our love, Jon and
Sharon Potts (in-Laws)

(Card, but no note) The Kramer family ♥(Friends)

Sept. 29, 2007

Dear Marilyn (and family)

One of the deepest aches I had was to have someone who what I was going through – someone who understood the pain, the heartache and the heartbreak – someone who understood the void and the empty space that was left in my life – someone who understood the aches for the physical touch ... to have arms wrapped around me, to be pulled close and just held ... to have a hand to hold – (someone) who understood what it felt like to go to church permanently alone and to go to the Temple and into the Celestial Room alone – (someone) who understood the frustrations of not having someone to call and to turn to when things went wrong with the car, the house or life in general – someone who understood the ache for someone to talk with and to walk with.

The greatest thing I found to help was to fall to my knees time and time again through out each and every day and ask my Heavenly father to wrap His arms around me and bear me up through the next hour, half hour, or

Letters and Notes

the next five minutes – to hold me close when I ached to be held – to give me strength and courage to see each day and each experience through.

Because I have been where you are at – I understand. And because I still walk alone – I understand.

May our Heavenly Father keep you and your family continually wrapped in His arms and grant you strength and courage day by day and hour by hour. I love you all – Cheryl Bott (Sister-in-Law)

Monday, September 24, 2007

Dear Wayne (Son),

I am saddened to hear of your father's early passing. Looking back I'm sure you are grateful that you took the time to go and be with him earlier this summer. I know that we are not far from our departed loved ones. Some years ago, L. Tom Perry's brother Ted spoke at the funeral of a distant relative of mine. Elder Perry's family lived less than a mile from my boyhood home. L. Tom's father was the first Stake President I met as a 10 year-old boy. In the talk Ted gave he mentioned the time when his mother passed away. Following his mother's death, his father became very discouraged and did not want to do anything. Then suddenly one day, about two weeks after his mother's death, his father went to work like nothing had happened. So when his father died, Ted went immediately to his father's home and looked up that time in his father's journal. Recorded in his father's journal was an entry explaining that his mother had appeared to his father and told him she would be right by his side until he came back through the veil. This is one example of how close to us those on the other side are. While we cannot touch or call as we once could they are not far and are very involved in our success.

May the Lord bless you and your family with peace and reassurance of a bright reunion one day.

With love, Mike Keller (First Councilor, Silver Spring, Maryland Stake)

Donald Earl Lougee

Thinking and praying for you and your family. Love, Marlene McFadden

Our prayer are with you at this difficult time. Love, the Ficek family

Aunt Marilyn and family,

I am deeply sorry for your loss of Uncle Don. He will be greatly missed. I will always remember all of my good times with you and your family. I love you all very much and am grateful to be part of your family. My prayers are with all of you and that the Lord will bless you during this time of loss. Love Debbie (Carroll) Foster and family

Our prayers are with you and your family. Judy and Richard Davis

Very sorry to hear of Don's difficulty. It certainly is sad for all of us.

Angie called last night and told us about it. Don certainly has been a blessing in my life when I was uncertain of what the future held. I think of him as a life saver to get me involved with the BLM and as an example both at work and in the Church. We suffered a loss yesterday when my half brother passed away. He had been suffering for a long time with Lou Gehrig's Lou Disease. (ALS) But it was a blessing for him to go after so long. You all well be in our prayers in Sharon Vermont.

Elder (Roy) & Sister (Marie) Tidwell (Written before Don passed away)

Don, I don't know who wrote this but when I read it I thought of you. I have always admired you and wish you the best. Sometimes we don't get

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to choose the hands we play but must play the hands we are dealt.
Lynn Mower (Brother-in-Law)

The other day a young person asked me how I felt about being old. I was taken aback, for I do not think of myself as old. Upon seeing my reaction, she was immediately embarrassed, but I explained that it was an interesting question, and I would ponder it, and let her know.

Old Age, I decided, is a gift.

I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometime despair over my body, the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, and the sagging butt. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror (who looks like my mother!), but I don't agonize over those things for long.

I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life, my loving family for less gray hair or a flatter belly. As I've aged, I've become more kind to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend. I don't chide myself for eating that extra cookie, or for not making my bed, or for buying that silly cement gecko that I didn't need, but looks so avant garde on my patio. I am entitled to a treat, to be messy, to be extravagant. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4 AM and sleep until noon?

I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 60&70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love ... I will. I will walk the beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And I eventually remember the important things. Sure, over the years my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what

Donald Earl Lougee

give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day. (If I feel like it)

MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER COME APART ESPECIALLY
WHEN IT'S STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART!
MAY YOU ALWAYS HAVE A RAINBOW OF SMILES ON YOUR
FACE AND IN YOUR HEART FOREVER AND EVER!

FRIENDS FOREVER!

Dear Sister Lougee,

You have been much in my thoughts and prayers as well as your sweetheart. Jim and I are so very sorry to hear that he is not doing well. We love you both very much!! I Received an e-mail last week that Donna Hammond forwarded from your Betty. She said that all your family was there last week. Hope it was a happy visit. We were also told not to bother you with phone calls and such, which is why you have not heard from me. I am being bold in just deciding to bother you with this e-mail. Please know we love you. Would do anything you need us to do. I will continue to hold you two in our prayers. I miss our visits and conversations so much. There just aren't many others with whom I can

Letters and Notes

have an intelligent conversation and I flatter myself to think that it is because we think alike on so many subjects. Love, Sue Rahi
(Written before Don passed away.)

My Dear, Dear Friend,

How very sad I am to hear about Don. Words fail me as I try to think of what would help you and him at all. I know your faith, and knowledge of God's Plan of Salvation, plus the love and support of your children will be your best source of strength and comfort. I pray that Don's suffering will be minimal; that the two of you will share choice moments of love and gratitude for each other and the life you have together.

It's good your children have been there and will continue to be with you as they can. May God put His arms around you night and day.

With love and concern, Ina [Shaw]

Dear Don & Marilyn.

Joan and I were so very sorry to hear this sad news about Don. He is such a wonderful man and both you and Don are so special to us. You are the most wonderful Missionaries I have ever seen since we've been in the church. We were so saddened to hear this news. We know that Heavenly Father has something special in mind for Don and we take heart in feeling that the Savior will welcome him with open arms. We all hate to lose our loved ones, but we know we will all be together again in the celestial Heaven. Our lives here on this earth are just a probationary period and we must all go to our reward when He calls. Don will be missed by all whom he touched with his special spirit. Please take strength in knowing that you have a strong family and many friends who love you and will be praying for his comfort. We love you both - you are so special to us. Please keep us informed of his condition. We will keep you in our prayers and we love you. Chuck & Joan Hitchborn (Written before Don passed away.)

Donald Earl Lougee

Dear Marilyn,

I am sure you have been inundated with so many caring people at this time. I have been thinking of you so much and of all of your kids and just wanted you to know. I am not sure what I could possibly say to add to all of the words of comfort that you have probably already gotten, I just wanted you to know how much you and Brother Lougee have meant to my life and how much I appreciate your ever and always way of loving and accepting me no matter where my life is.

I know we all know Our Savior's plan and how much comfort that can bring and of all the people who have a sure knowledge of that it is you. However, I also know how hard times like this can be to go through and I just want you to know I care and you and your family are in my thoughts and prayers (not that I have much influence, but I do believe all prayers are heard.)

I love you. Faye Cooley

Personal History

Chapter Four

Personal History of
Donald Earl Lougee

Written by Donald E. Lougee

Note on this Text: The following personal history, written by Don Lougee, covers his early years all the way up until 1976. From 1976 onward, Don Lougee continued to record his life story in his journals, but had not transferred over that part of his life to this document. As the compiler of this book, I have added a brief outline of his life from 1976 to his death in 2007. This outline is not an effort to fully describe the remainder of Don Lougee's life, but just an attempt to round off his personal history and bring it to a close. There are many more details that can be found in his personal journals.

Donald Earl Lougee

I was born April 20, 1930 on Easter morning to John and Sarah Estelle Clegg Lougee at Dubois, Clark, Idaho. I was born in my Grandmother Clegg's home where my parents were living at that time. I was the fourth child in the family and was preceded by a brother, John Rulen, and two sisters, Norma Joyce and Stella Murel.

I was born at the beginning of the great depression when times were hard for my parents. Of course, I don't remember much of the first four years of my life. I do know that we moved several times in this period.

My father had a college degree in animal husbandry but had been unable to put it to much use. He had gone back to school to receive a teacher's certificate and had made several attempts at teaching school. Because he was not adapted to teaching and did not like it very well, each job had not lasted too long and so we moved around to where he could find employment as a teacher. When the appointments were not renewed, we would move back to Dubois. One place where we lived that I don't remember was Beaver Creek.

My first memories begin in Dubois where we were living with my Grandmother when I was about three. I remember two brief incidents. One was a visit to some caves north of Dubois with my brother and sisters. The second was playing on some rocks without any clothes on. I received a spanking for this.

In the fall of 1934, my father got a job teaching school at Roberts, Idaho, which was a short distance south of Dubois. It was at Roberts where my memory really started. He taught there two years. The first year we lived in town in a small house near the school. By this time I had two more sisters, Lucille Emily, born May 10, 1932 and Shirley Faye, born January 26, 1934.

I don't remember how it happened but Shirley had fallen from the baby carriage and received an injury to her head. This injury later turned into a mastoid infection which nearly took her life. Some of my early thoughts go back to my parents concern over Shirley and the many hours they spent in the hospital with her.

The second year was spent on a farm near Roberts. Deborah Lavoun was born April 4, 1936.

Some of the things I remember of these two years include my brother, Rulen building a kite. It flew very well. I decided I would make a kite but my kite sticks must have been a little large. I can remember running back and forth in front of the school and just couldn't get that kite off the ground.

When we moved to the farm, I remember the coyotes howling every night. It was spooky but I knew that my big brother would protect me.

I remember Rulen pulling me on his sled to some haystacks where he would chase the jack rabbits around the haystack and kill them with a stick. He would then skin them and sell the skins.

Personal History

When school was over the second year, we moved back to Dubois again. This



My Grandmother Clegg's home in Dubois, Idaho, where I was born. Sitting in front is our dog Sport.



Here I am at age six.

was in 1936, the year I started school. My father didn't teach school that year. He worked for the railroad. I remember that he rode to work on a railroad motor car.



My older brother and sisters, Murel, Norma and Rulen

I thought that to ride a motor car would be the greatest thing a person could do. He did take me to work with him one week but we went in our Model A Ford to a nearby town and stayed

with my Aunt Myrtle Rose (my Mother's sister).

1936 was an eventful year for me. It affected my life for all time. I had my first real friend. A boy my age named Billy Willis. His father owned the Ford Garage in Dubois. We had many a good time together. I received a very deep two-inch cut on my left hand while climbing the gatepost in our front yard. It had healed part way when I fell on a piece of glass while running home

Donald Earl Lougee

one day. I cut the same hand just under the first cut. I will carry these two scars the rest of my life.

My cousin, Bobby Clegg (son of Joseph and Mae Lougee Clegg) lived in Dubois at that time too. He was a year older than me, but he had to take the first grade in school over again, so we started school together. We were good friends also.

Some of the more important things that I remember that year were that Rulen took me on a camping trip overnight. We set up our camp just north of town, and then he hauled me into town on his shoulders and took me to my first motion picture show. It was a spooky show and I remember that I didn't sleep very well that night. I was in a school play and played the part of Little Boy Blue and I had these lines to say: "I thought you would like a glimpse of the horn that once blew a blast at the cows in the corn." I remember how proud my mother was of me.

Another event that happened was at Christmas time. We were returning from a visit with some relatives. I don't remember who. When my Dad got the Model A skidding sideways until it hit a dry spot in the road and it turned upside down. I lost my Christmas candy. Some men came and helped turn it back on its wheels and we rode the rest of the way home with one broken window. I cried all the way home because I lost my candy.

We had a dog named Sport. He was Rulen's dog but really belonged to the whole family. Sport was an object of family pride because without a doubt, he was the smartest dog in town. In later years after Rulen had left home, he became my dog and was one of the closest companions that I could have had.

In the year 1937, my father received a job teaching school again. This time it took us a long way from Dubois, and I never went back except on a trip through after I was married. We moved to a small town in Bear Lake County, Idaho by the name of Pegram. We lived in the largest house in town. It had a basement with a coal furnace and an upstairs. It had an indoor bathroom but the plumbing wasn't hooked up so the bathroom wasn't much use to us.

There were several important things that I remember that happened that year. Rulen graduated from high school that year and left home after school was out. We had a canal that ran behind our house. I learned a little about water. We spent many hours



My sisters, Lucille, Shirley and Lavoun and myself. This was while we lived in Dubois, Idaho.

Personal History



At the airfield in Dubois, Idaho - Sarah Lougee is holding Lavoun, Deborah W. S. Clegg, Lloyd McKay and Donald Lougee

floating rafts up and down the canal. A friend of mine had a boat that we rowed on the canal. One day we were getting the boat out of the water. He told me to sit on the back of the boat so it would put the front higher and he could pull it out. He gave a jerk and I went tumbling into the water. I went down three times before I was pulled out. After that we were a lot more cautious around the water. From this I got somewhat of a fear of water which I never really got over.

Other things that I remember are going fishing with Rulen. I

caught a sucker about three feet long. We went hiking together. I remember at Christmas time, a big box of oranges that my father brought home.

All in all, the year at Pegram was a good time for me. It was here that we got the last member of the family when Joanne was born August 2, 1938.

When school was over, the teaching contract was not renewed. We moved to Sharon, Idaho where we lived in a log house with my Dad's brother, Lee on his farm. The time we lived there was a poor time for my family. Much of the time my Dad didn't have any work. He finally got a job with the W.P.A., which helped some with the finances. I lived in Sharon until the spring of 1940.

My parents moved to Paris, Idaho in 1939 but Norma and I stayed at Grandma Lougee's place another year. Many things happened to me in those years that had a great influence on my life.

I struck up a great relationship with my cousin, Grant Gambling. He was my Grandmother Lougee's brother's boy. Grant was about the same age as me and we became great friends. We did everything together. He was the closest friend that I had in my growing up years. I have a scar on the back of my hand to remind me of him. One time we were digging a hole with our pocketknives outside the school. He caught the back of my hand with his knife and made a deep cut. Fortunately it missed the tendons and blood vessels but it left a scar to this day.



My Father, John (Jack) Lougee

Donald Earl Lougee

I went to the third grade in Sharon. The school was just north of my Grandmother's house. My cousin, Afton Grunder was the teacher. We had six grades in one room. I think back on it as a good time. The next year we were bused into Paris for school.

Some of the things I remember at Sharon were of my sister, Shirley having pneumonia and some summer lightning storms, which scared me. Also a deer that I met on the trail home from Grandma's house which was tame. It followed me home. I went in the house and told everyone but no one believed me. Uncle Lee said it must be a big dog. Finally they went out to look and there it was. I was the only one that it would let pet it. It stayed around for about a week and then it was gone. I remember helping with the haying in the summers. I stacked the hay on the wagon.

One time Rulen came home and he and I took a hike into the mountains. We took a little bucket of stew for lunch. We made a fire at lunchtime and prepared our stew only to find out that Mom had kept soap in the bucket and the stew was so soapy that we couldn't eat it. Later in the day a mother grouse jumped out at me and about scared me to death.

One of the saddest things that happened was that Grant got appendicitis, which broke before they got him to the hospital. He lived for two or three days and then passed on. This was my first encounter with the death of someone close to me. I remember him placed in the ground in the little cemetery on the corner of my grandfather's farm not far from where I saw my father placed in the ground years later.

It wasn't long after this that my Uncle John (Grant's father) was kicked by a horse and died.



By the time this picture was taken, we had moved to Bear Lake and I was about 7 years

One summer while living at Grandma Lougee's place I went to Bennington, Idaho and spent the summer with my Aunt Ruth (Dad's sister) and Uncle Chris Buhler. He was a lot older than my aunt and had been married before. He had a son from his previous marriage by the name of Ellis. He was a little older than I but was very shy and backward. We did become great friends and did many things together. It was here that I learned to ride a horse. Ellis had a small riding horse that we had many adventures on. We had to herd the sheep and keep them out of the crop fields. Those sheep could run faster than any sheep I ever saw. The minute we turned our back, off they would go. One day we were chasing them on Ellis' horse at full gallop. The horse

Personal History

stepped in a badger hole and we all went flying through the air. We picked ourselves up and no one was hurt badly not even the horse.

One day Uncle Chris was cultivating a field with a disk harrow to get it ready to plant. It was a double disk pulled by horses. I was following along behind, just for something to do, not paying much attention. I stepped too close and my foot caught in-between two of the disks, which threw me over between the two rows of disks. Uncle Chris got the horse stopped before I was run over. Once again I was not hurt bad.

Things that I remember of that summer that I liked are: wild strawberries, fishing in Bear River, swimming in a hot spring, eating cooked cereal with thick cream fresh from the separator and a very good friend in Ellis.

There was another event, which influenced my life although I didn't appreciate it, as I should have at the time. On November 12, 1938, I was taken to Paris to the Church Office Building and was baptized by Todd A. Wallis. The next day my Uncle Tom Lougee confirmed me in the Sharon Ward.

In the year 1940, I moved to Paris. My parents were already living there. We lived in a little three-room house. I went to the fifth and sixth grades there. The school was on the other side of town and I had to walk to school with my little sister, Shirley. She started the first grade and I thought I was too big to have to walk with her. She would get silly and I would get mad and couldn't get her to stop until I hit her and then I would feel guilty.

I had many good times at Paris and had lots of friends. Some of the things I remember are playing football, skiing, and building model airplanes.

My father worked on a government relief program and we didn't have much money. It was at this time that my brother joined the Navy. I remember him coming home before he went in. We took him to Logan in Uncle Lee's car. Rulen bought me a pocketknife.

While we lived in Paris, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I will remember that day for the rest of my life. I was out sliding down a hill on the snow near our house. When I came in, my dad told us about it. I remember how concerned we were and how uncertain the times were.



While living in Logan, my mother took me to town and we had our picture taken. I was about 12 years.

Donald Earl Lougee

It was about a month after this that Rulen was sent to Pearl Harbor to repair airplanes. It wasn't long after the war started that my father went back to school in Logan where he studied to work on airplane radio systems.

The following summer we moved to Logan where we lived for three years. I attended Logan Jr. High School for seventh and eighth grades. This was a hard time for me, yet I can remember good times.

I was ordained to the Priesthood and set apart as a Deacon in Logan. I joined the Boy Scouts and began to do the things that most LDS boys do at this age.

It was at this time that I got my feelings hurt in the scout troop and never really participated in church activities until many years later. Because of my hurt feelings, I quit going to Church and started running around with a boy whose father was a non-member. We didn't do anything bad but I didn't progress much from that time on. I did get a job in a roller skating rink where I put skates on people. I did learn to skate well, which I still enjoy today.

My dad went to work at Hill Field Air Force Base near Layton, Utah and my mother worked at an arsenal where they made bombs. They rode back and forth every day, which left them tired all the time. We tried to move to Layton but there was no housing to be had for any price so we stayed in Logan.

The last year we lived there, I went to my mother's brother's farm in Idaho to work. I can remember riding the train to Shoshone, Idaho which is near Dietrich, Idaho where Uncle Afton lived.

I worked two summers and the last summer, I stayed and went to school in the ninth grade. This was a good experience for me because I learned how to work hard and again I had friends that were in the Church. My cousin, Bobby Clegg lived there and we became good friends again. Bobby never found his place in life and many years later when I was about 27 years old, he drove out into the desert and shot himself.

It was at this time that I started to notice girls. There was a girl at Dietrich that I thought was nice but it was just a summer romance. Uncle Afton and Aunt Anna never had children of their own but they adopted a girl by the name of Vella. She had a twin sister that they didn't adopt by the name of Verna. Verna spent most of the time at Uncle Afton's too. We were good friends and I got



My Younger sisters, Deborah Lavoun, Joanne, Lucille, and Shirley standing in back

Personal History

to

know Verna better when she lived with her parents in Layton.

One thing I remember from that school year was sitting out by the ball field eating lunch when someone said, "look out!" I looked up just in time to catch a hard ball right on my nose. I picked myself up about ten minutes later with a broken nose.

When I went home the next fall, my family had moved to Layton, Utah. We lived in a government housing project called Verdland Park. All the houses looked a like but were quite comfortable. I went to Davis High School at Kaysville, which was about three miles south of Layton.

I had a good time in high school but didn't have many friends.

I worked at Lagoon during the summer. This was a resort that had been closed during the War. At this time the war had ended and they were trying to get this resort going again. There wasn't much labor to be had so they were hiring as many high school kids as they could get. I helped clean up the large outdoor swimming pool. We pumped the water out and then took out all the sun perch. We then wheeled about five feet of mud out of the deep end of the pool. When they got going, I took tickets and opened lockers at the pool.

There was one experience that happened there that could have taken my life. They had a young man running the filter plant for the pool that didn't have much experience. When the bacteria count in the pool got too high, he thought that he could take a chlorine tank out in the pool and run some chlorine up through a fountain in the pool to mix it in. The tank was heavy and he dropped the tank on the edge of the pool, which broke the top off. This let chlorine gas out in the area. We had a scout troop at the pool that morning and it wasn't long until we had

scouts laying out all over the ground. I got a small touch of the gas. When it was all over, no one was hurt but there was lots of concern.

Another experience that I had was the last summer before I graduated from high school I went to Yellowstone Park and worked in a laundry. This was a good experience.

In the spring of 1948, I graduated from high school ending the period of life that I was to spend with my parents. I never again lived with my parents for a very long period. I still had not progressed much in the church nor did I have much of a testimony. I knew the church was true because of my mother's testimony but I did not know it on my



Don taking tickets at Lagoon swimming pool

Donald Earl Lougee

own knowledge or spirit.

After graduation from high school, I got a job at the Naval Supply Depot at Clearfield, Utah. I worked there as a laborer until about the first of July when a friend of mine named Howard Denny talked me into talking to a Naval Recruiting Officer in Ogden. We started out to inquire about a one-year program that we had learned about. He informed us that he knew of no such program. We left and went to bowl a game. When we got through one of us said to the other, "Let's join anyway." We returned and signed up for three years. On July 7, 1948 I was sworn in and a week later, I found my self at the San Diego Naval Training Center.

I spent three months of training in Boot Camp, which was quite hard for me because of my size. I weighed at 118 pounds when I took the Navy physical. It was a growing time for me. We went to church on the training center, which left an impression on me.

After boots, I went home on a two-week leave then returned to San Diego. A week later I traveled to Memphis, Tennessee on a troop train.

We stopped in Amarillo, Texas at five o'clock in the morning and marched through the town to rodeo grounds where there were shower facilities for us to clean up. I have wondered what the people of Amarillo thought to see 500 sailors marching down the street at that time of day.

I spent the winter of 1948 and 1949 at Memphis attending Airman Fundamental School where we learned about general things in naval aviation. It was here that I had my first airplane ride.

After graduation from that school, I went to Lakehurst, New Jersey to attend Aerographers School. This was a school to learn how to report weather and some fundamental forecasting. I graduated from this school in the fall of 1949 and then went to Norfolk, Virginia where I spent a month at the Naval Air Station. I was then transferred to the U.S.S. Seboney.

This was my first ship board experience. The Seboney was a small carrier built on a Liberty ship hull. It was slow and was used for anti-submarine work.

In the fall and winter of 1949, we took a trip with a task force to the North Atlantic up past the Arctic Circle between Canada and Greenland. We returned to Norfolk, Virginia. From there we were sent to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania where we put the Seboney out of commission.

Once again we returned to Norfolk and after being there a week or so I was sent back to Philadelphia to bring out of mothballs a small carrier named U.S.S. Bataan. This was the winter of 1949-1950.

At first we lived on shore and went to work on the ship each day. They were giving the ship a major overhaul before recommissioning it. It was a lot of work to be done but we were just responsible for the weather office and balloon room. There were two small rooms about 5 x 10 feet large. We had to repair them and get the necessary weather instruments on board and see that they worked.

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It was while I was here that I met a young girl at a roller skating party that I thought a lot of. Her name was Joan Allred. I spent a lot of time at her home in Germantown, which is part of Philadelphia. I intended to get more serious with her after our shake down cruise when we were to return to Philadelphia to operate out of there for some time.

On July 2, 1950, the Korean War broke out and we left Philadelphia about a week later and never returned. Although we wrote to each other for several years, I never saw Joan again.

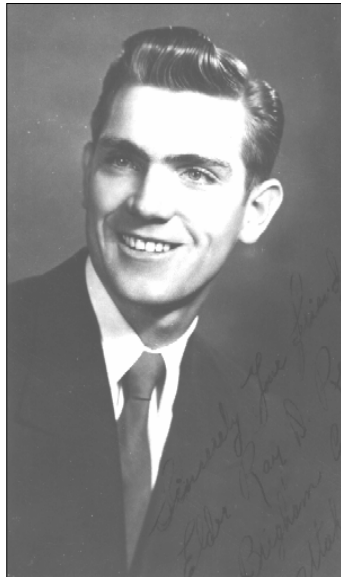
We sailed down through the Panama Canal and up to San Diego where we did some more training and fitting. It was at this time that I got word that my father had had a heart attack and I went home for a few weeks to see him. He recovered from the attack and I went back to the ship.

At Thanksgiving time 1950, we found ourselves on the International Date Line in the Pacific. That year we had two Thanksgiving days.

We landed at a Japanese Naval base at Yokohama in Tokyo Bay. After staying for a week, we joined a task force on the Russians side of Korea. We operated with this task force for about a month. Then we put into Sasebo, Japan, which is on the Southern Island of Japan. For six months we spent alternating, two weeks of the Yellow Sea side of Korea with our planes flying close support for ground troops.

We, then, returned to the United States and entered Bremerton Naval Base for overhaul.

During the Korean cruise and while in Bremerton, I met a young man that changed my life very much. Ray Reese from Brigham City, Utah helped me return to the gospel. With his help I decided I was going to change my life. While home on leave from Bremerton, I was advanced in the Aaronic Priesthood to the office of a Priest.



Ray Reese

In the winter of 1951, the Bataan returned to San Diego to prepare to return to Korea. I was in hopes to return with it but on the day they left, I was transferred to Ream Field, which is near Tijuana, Mexico. It was here that I finished out my Navy days and on July 7, 1952, I was given an Honorable Discharge and I hitch hiked home to Layton.

I returned to my old job at the naval Supply Depot at Clearfield and bought my first car, a 1948 Chevrolet, two-door sedan. Howard Denny was out of the Navy so he and an old friend, Jimmy Hoe overhauled my car and I got my driver's license.

When fall arrived I enrolled at Utah State

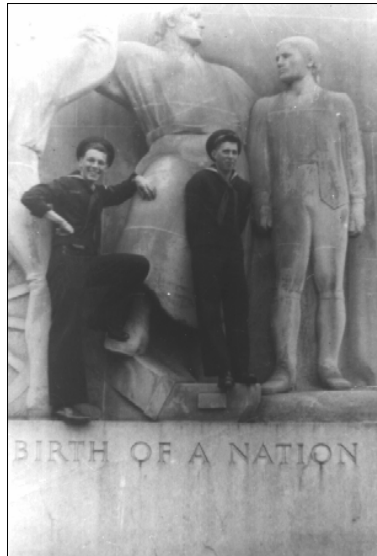
Donald Earl Lougee

College in the school of Forestry. I roomed at a home in Logan where we received our meals with the family.

At the end of the fall quarter, I got a new roommate by the name of Glade Calder from Vernal, Utah. He had just returned from a mission to Ireland. Glade had a girl friend that had a friend that roomed with her. I had the car so I was invited to go with this friend. The first place that we went to was a basketball game at the college. And it was here that I met my wife to be Marilyn Mower.

We fell in love with each other from the start and after several dates and a visit to my home and her home, I asked her to be my wife.

On April 24, 1953, four days after my 23rd birthday, we were married and sealed together for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple.



I am with my friend, Melvin Long while we were stationed in Philadelphia.



On the flight deck of USS Seboney with my friend, Bob Nelson. We were at Hampton Roads, Virginia - 1949

Personal History

We lived in a nice little apartment in Logan where we started our married life. Marilyn continued doing housework as she had been before we were married and I continued my school work in the field of forestry.

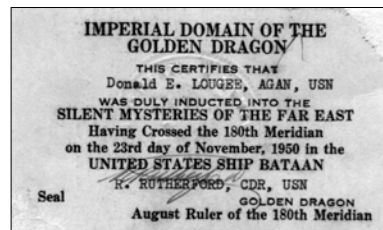
At the end of my freshman year, I took a job on a fire lookout tower on the Malheur National Forest out of John Day, Oregon.

When school was out, we loaded all our earthly belongings in our old tan Chevy and headed first for a fishing trip with my sister, Norma and her husband, Verl Waddoups; then on to John Day to start work.

While we were on the fishing trip, Marilyn got sick and spent some time in the hospital in Idaho Falls. We then traveled on to John Day and got settled in our new home, which was a 14 x 14-foot cabin on top of a 50-foot tower.

We had just been on the job about two weeks when I became very sick. We were told we could leave the tower and go in to Church if we wanted to because it was raining. We decided we better go in and find a doctor. We started for John Day. I started driving and I got on a wrong road and about got stuck in the mud. Marilyn took over driving and got in to John Day. Since it was Sunday we went to the Church where two men came out and administered to me and took me on to Prairie City where the hospital was. By the time we got there my arms would not unfold and I was having bad cramps. After spending two days in the hospital, I had recovered and was told that I had had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. This has always been a testimony to me how I was cured from this bad illness. I know that I was cured by the power of the priesthood.

We returned to the tower where we had a very good summer. It was much like a honeymoon to us. Toward the end of the summer, Marilyn started to have stomach problems. After a visit to a



When we crossed the international dateline, it was Thanksgiving Day. We had two Thanksgiving dinners that year.



In Sasebo, Japan

Donald Earl Lougee

doctor in Burns, Oregon, we found out that we were expecting our first child.

That fall we returned to Logan and school where I continued to study for a career in forestry. This time we moved into the Quonsets, which were metal apartments. They weren't fancy but they were cheap which helped us. These were good days for us. We were looking forward to our child and were exalted by each change in Marilyn's condition.

In early spring the time was reached for the baby to come but it never came. We waited two weeks more and the baby still never came so the doctor decided to start things.

On a bright sunny April 2, 1954 (my father's birthday) we entered Marilyn in the hospital in Logan. By evening we had the cutest little black haired girl that I had ever seen; even if her nose was pushed to one side. We were the proudest parents on earth and she was a cute little girl. We named her Bonnie Kay.

The next summer I spent the first part going to summer school up Logan Canyon. This was where I got my first taste of forestry work. The second half we spent working for the Forest Service in cleaning campgrounds in Big Cottonwood Canyon east of Salt Lake City. This was a good time for us.

Again that fall (1954) we returned to school and back to the Quonsets. We enjoyed the pleasant days in Logan. We have often thought that some day we will return to Logan to live. Little did we know that we were approaching one of the hardest times of our lives.

In January 1955 we received word that my father had had another heart attack. We rushed to Salt Lake City where he was in the Veterans Hospital and got there in time to talk to him before he passed away on January 28, 1955.

After the funeral in Liberty, Idaho and the burial in the family cemetery on the farm in Sharon, my mother decided to move to Logan. We found a little house for her to rent and we



My wife, Marilyn and I on April 24, 1953 after our wedding in the Salt Lake Temple

Personal History



Dry Soda Lookout located south of John Day, Oregon. It is a 50 foot tower with a 14x14' cabin to live in.

moved in with her. We lived there a couple of months when Mom came home one day and announced she had bought a house. So we moved to her home.

These were hard times for us. Marilyn was expecting again. When school let out, I took a job with the Forest Service again. This was with the Experiment Station in Ogden. We were to inventory the forest lands in southern Idaho.

Before I was to leave on a two-week work trip to Idaho, we drove to Layton to visit Marilyn's brother, Lynn. In

the middle of the night the pains started and Lynn and Marie drove us to the hospital in Logan where our second child, a lovely boy which we named Kenneth Don, was born on June 7, 1955.

I continued to work the rest of the summer for the Forest Service. In the fall we moved back to the Quonsets and back to my schoolwork. In the spring of 1956, we bought a small trailer house to live in. It was small but new and comfortable.

On June 2, 1956, I graduated from Utah State University with a BS Degree in Forestry. I took a job with the Bureau of Land Management in Kanab, Utah. We hooked our new trailer house to our car and pulled it to Kanab to start a new life.

We had expected our financial troubles to be over with graduation and a job but this was not true. Expenses were high in Kanab and the pay was low. We had a very hard time.

At the end of a year we received a promotion and things eased some. The job was not what we had expected. It had very little timber work. The major portion of my time was taken up in trespass work with woodland products.

Marilyn and I were both active in the church in Kanab. She worked in the



Graduation from Utah State University on June 2, 1956.

Donald Earl Lougee

M.I.A. sports program and I was called to be the Elders Quorum Secretary. Even though we were in things, we never really felt accepted into the ward.

After a problem pregnancy and an induced labor our second son, Wayne Reed was born on July 7, 1957. I remember the day because of an intense cloudburst in Kanab and this seemed to set the tone for our new baby. He was a stormy one. He cried almost all day long for the first month of his life.

In the fall of 1957, I felt that I wanted to be on to bigger and better things. I put in for a transfer to Anchorage, Alaska. I was informed that there was a job open in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho and we decided to go there instead.

At Christmas time we found ourselves on the way to a new adventure. We sold our trailer house in Salt Lake City and bought a house full of new furniture.

On New Years Day we arrived in Coeur d'Alene. We first looked up the Church and with some help from members, found us a home to move into.

Coeur d'Alene was the most beautiful place that we had ever lived. We felt accepted into the ward and soon found jobs in the Church. I found myself back into the job that I had left in Kanab, Elders Quorum Secretary. This was at time of great growth in our family.

On August 3, 1958, a third son was born which we named Gary John. We were told that Gary had a lung disorder and he was sent to Spokane, Washington to a Catholic hospital. My old roommate, Glade Calder, was in the Air Force stationed in Spokane so we called him to administer to Gary, which he did, but Gary passed away the next day.

This struck us both very hard. But with an understanding Bishop and much prayer, we used it as a growing point. We both knew we needed a replacement for Gary and so on September 9, 1959 we received our second daughter, Betty Rae. She was a beautiful baby with curls marching in a line. She was a joy to the whole family.

Betty Rae was followed by David Earl on September 27, 1961. With David, Marilyn had some trouble with early labor. David was a fine son. David was followed by Douglas Alan on October 22, 1962. Again we had trouble with early labor. This time it was worse and it put Marilyn to bed for 5 weeks before his birth. Douglas was followed by Cheri Ann on



Donald and Marilyn - 1962

Personal History

February 26, 1965. And at this time, we were informed that for Marilyn's sake we should have no more children. We knew that our family was complete.

Our life was full and exciting in Coeur d'Alene. Some of the church jobs I held while there were: Elder's Quorum Secretary, Financial Clerk for three Bishop's and on October 13, 1962, I was interviewed by Elder Harold B. Lee for the office of stake clerk for the new stake that was being organized the next day (Coeur d'Alene Stake). On October 14, 1962, I was ordained a high priest by Boyd K. Packer and set apart as stake clerk. I served in this position until we left Coeur d'Alene.

My career with the B.L.M. advanced as well as could be expected in Coeur d'Alene. I advanced from a GS 7 grade to a GS 11 and was in a position that was to be upgraded to GS 12 in a few years. I worked on timber inventory, timber sales, forest development, and was advanced to the Assistant District Manager.

While in Coeur d'Alene, I developed asthma, which continued to get worse. After much treatment that never helped much, I asked for a transfer to a dryer climate to see if it would relieve the situation.

I received a transfer to Prineville, Oregon and we arrived there on February 25, 1967. We had a hard time finding a home but finally found a suitable house.

Prineville has been a time of growth for our children. They have matured towards adulthood. Their testimonies have grown strong and all have a desire to gain a Celestial Home. For Marilyn and I it has been a time of maturing in the gospel. We have served as a family to whatever we were called to do.

On August 13, 1967, I was called to be Branch President of the Prineville Branch. My counselors were Everett Winburn and Raymond Smith. We had many challenging times together and learned to love the people and each other as we humbly tried to do our Heavenly Father's will. On December 15, 1968, the Bend Oregon Stake was created and I was ordained a Bishop by Theodore M. Burton. I served in this capacity until November 28, 1971. Other counselors that served with me were Heber D. Perrett and Ronal Thompson.

I was called to serve on the Stake High Council with President Norman K. Whitney which position I now hold in 1977.

Some of the things that have happened to my family while in Prineville are:

Bonnie: Graduated from high school. Attended B.Y.U. and graduated in three years with a BA in Sociology. Married Loren Franklin Jones in the Salt Lake Temple. They have had one son, Donald Loren Jones.

Kenneth: Graduated from high school. Attended B.Y.U. for one year. Served a mission in the Michigan Lansing Mission.

Wayne: Graduated from high school. Attended Central Oregon Community College at Bend, Oregon for one year and is now serving in the Taiwan Taipei Mission.

My career with the B.L.M. has not advanced much since living in Prineville. My health has been better. Although I have not advanced we have had a comfortable living and a fine home.

Donald Earl Lougee

I feel that I have served major accomplishments in forestry that I know have advanced the forestry program of the Prineville District.

July 1978 – 25 Wedding anniversary celebration
October 1979 – Don's mother died
January 1982 – Trip to Taiwan
September 1983 – Retired from BLM
June 1984 – Drove across country to Maryland
June 1985 – Drove to Fairbanks, Alaska
January 1986 – Trip to Taiwan
July 1986 – First family reunion – at Wild Cat Campground
April 1988 – Don went back to work for BLM
September 1989 – Don became a temple veil worker
October 1991 – Retired for 2nd time from BLM
November 1991 – Mission to South Africa Johannesburg
January 1993 – Took first Black Members to the temple from Tzaneen District
April 1993 – Home from Africa
June 1993 – 2nd Family reunion – south of Portland, Oregon
November 1993 – Trip to Tucson, Arizona
April 1994 – Drove to Maryland through Missouri
July 1995 – 3rd family reunion – Oregon coast
September 1995 – Our mission to Missouri Independence Mission
March 1997 – home from Missouri mission
1997 – 4th family reunion – Silver Falls, Oregon
September 1997 – trip to England
March 1998 – called as Redmond, Oregon Stake Patriarch
1999 – 5th family reunion – Prineville, Oregon
2001 – 6th family reunion – trip across the country to New York and Maryland
April 2003 – 50th wedding anniversary
2003 – 7th family reunion – Corbett, Oregon
2005 – 8th family reunion – Corbett, Oregon
2007 – 9th family reunion – Prineville, Oregon. Don, Marilyn and all of his 7 living children were present.

Memories
Chapter Five

Memories of
Donald Earl Lougee

Part One: Memories written by his Mother, Sarah Estelle Clegg Lougee.

Part Two: Memories written by other family members.

Donald Earl Lougee

PART ONE:

Donald Earl Lougee was born in Dubois, Idaho the 20th of April 1930. His parents were pleased to have another boy. He was born Easter morning which was on Sunday.

His uncle and family were just coming in to church when Grandma Clegg was washing and dressing him. He was a strong baby and looked all over the house like he was wondering where he had arrived to.

He was a very fine boy and always respected law and wanted to always do what was right.

He started school in Dubois when he was six years old. His best friend was Billie Willis. Billie has also been a very good boy. Billie is now in the Bishopric in Dubois.

When Don was real little, once in a while he would get a little punky at the table and would be put in the closet. He always came out smiling. Father said, "I wonder what he finds in the closet that makes him smile."

School wasn't always easy for Don but he never gave up; once he had started something he finished it.

Don was baptized November 12, 1938. We moved to Bear Lake when he was in the second grade. Father taught school in Pegram one year. Don's youngest sister, Joanne was born there.

The next year we moved to Sharon, Idaho where his Grandma Lougee lived. We didn't have much to live on that year. Father got out of work and the depression was on. We lived in his Uncle Lee's home. There were fruit trees on the place and Father raised a good garden, so we got along all right.

Don raised some rabbits and one day he let them out to get more to eat and our old dog got them under the barn and killed them. Don scolded him for doing it, so he would eat them.

We moved to Paris, Idaho for a year and Don and his older sister, Norma, stayed with Grandma Lougee for a while. She was very good to them.

About a year later, we moved to Logan as Father got work at Hill Field and rode to work every day. At first he went to school in Logan to learn his job.



Family in 1978 - Left to right: Shirley, Lucille, Sarah, Lavoun, Murel, Norma. In back: Rulen and Donald.

Memories

When Don was twelve years old, he went to Dietrich, Idaho in the summer to work on the farm for his Uncle Afton Clegg. There he learned to work in the



**Family the day of Jack Lougee's funeral –
Front row: Emily Gambling Lougee, Lavoun.
Back Row: Joanne, Murel, Norma, Shirley,
Rulen, Sarah, Donald, Lucille. February 1955.**

fields and milk cows, which was very good for him. He never wanted to be a farmer though.

Don was always good to mind and do what was right so at an early age, we let him govern himself and he nearly always made the right choice.

We lived in Logan for four years, then moved to Layton, Utah so Father wouldn't have to ride so far to work. There he made some good friends. One friend was Lynn Bradford. I think Lynn was a good influence on him. He was older and was a very good boy. Lynn went on a mission and was always a

boy that Don could look up to.

Don went to Yellowstone Park a couple of summers to work. He worked in the laundry. He was soon in charge of things there. He always did a good job.

When he got out of high school, he and friend joined the navy. He was in long enough to get to go to college. He had to work hard there. While he was going to school, he met a very fine girl and married her in the Salt Lake Temple.

Here is another instance in Sharon. Don used to go to Grandma Lougee's to get milk every morning. One day when Grandma Lougee was there to see us, he came home and said he had seen a deer in the road and petted him. Uncle Lee said, "Oh, that was only a big dog." And



Don with his mother, brother and sisters. Front row: Lucille, Joanne, Lavoun, Shirley. Back row: Don, Mother, Sarah, Murel and Rulen.

Donald Earl Lougee

we all laughed and teased him. Uncle Lee got up as he heard a noise on the porch. When he opened the door, the deer was on the doorstep. It was one that had been tamed. The deer stayed around all day with the cows, but wouldn't let any of us pet him like Don had.

Don always knew what he wanted. When he was in the navy, he met a nice girl in Seattle, Washington. She was a Catholic girl and her father could have given Don a good job, but Don said he wouldn't give up his religion for her and he wouldn't ask her to give up hers, so he didn't get serious with her.

Memories

PART TWO:

Family Memories



Our family – 1991 – Just before our mission to South Africa

Back row: Wayne, Kenneth, Douglas and David

Middle row: Bonnie Kay, Marilyn and Don

Front row: Betty Rae and Cheri Ann

Donald Earl Lougee

April 1981

From Marilyn:

Hi Honey,

This is an opportunity to tell you "I love you!"

I can think of many things over the past 28 years that have meant a lot to me. Let me tell you some of them.

You were always willing to get up in the middle of the night with the kids. You knew I had a hard time getting back to sleep.

A wooden heart with the words "I love you!" on it; A chain carved out of a piece of firewood with a hunting knife brings back memories of our first summer together on the lookout.

When you asked me to marry you, you said we would never be rich but we would have enough. I appreciate your support financially so that we have always had enough.

But most of all I appreciate what you have done for me personally. I am a better person because of you and your influence. You have supported, encouraged, and sometimes even pushed me to try things that would help me grow.

I appreciate the way you have always honored your priesthood and led our family spiritually.

You have been a good father, a great husband, friend (my best), and lover.
Your wife, Marilyn



Family in 1976 - Front row: Betty Rae, Bonnie Kay holding her son, Donald, Cheri Ann. Back row: Douglas, Kenneth, Marilyn, Donald, Wayne and David

Memories

From Bonnie Kay:

I have always loved and respected my Dad. I can think of several times he has directed my life for good. I'm especially thankful for the times he indicated to me that Loren was a good man and that it would be all right with him if we got married.

Since I was quite naïve about men, I know I could have made some serious mistakes if Dad hadn't been there to help me. As it turned out, I am married to a man who is very much like my Dad, and I don't know of one girlfriend I've ever had that is more happily married than I am.

I am also thankful for the Father's blessings Dad has always given us so freely, especially the ones he gave every year as we went off to school. I often have pondered those blessings and have tried to live up to them.

When I think of my Dad, I think of humility and service. Dad has never sought the honors of men, but has served his Heavenly Father no matter how hard or unpopular the task. I don't think Dad is afraid of anything. I'm thankful for the example of love and tolerance for all that Dad set for us. This is something that has been ingrained in each of us — every person is a child of God and of great worth.

Most of all, I'm thankful for Dad's faith and testimony. I am trying hard to give my children the kind of home I grew up in. It is the only way to say "Thanks Dad and Mom for everything you've done."

Love, Bonnie

From Kenneth Don:

Dear Dad,

Just a note to express my love and admiration. I never understood what a good father you are until I decided to start my own family. I saw a little boy in the store today with dirty clothes and parents who ignored him. I thought all little boys need a dad like I have.

Jan and I talk a lot about our family. She says I have a good role model. I concur.

I suppose it's late but I want you to know I love my Pop.

Your Son, Kenneth Lougee

From Wayne Reed:

Dear Dad,

These last few years, since I left home, I have really come to appreciate and love you like I never have before. I think that it wasn't until I got married that you

Donald Earl Lougee

had the greatest effect in my life. You may not know it, but through your example, you have taught me a lot about how to treat my wife. I have watched the way you treat my mother for many years and I only hope that I can be as good a husband as you have been. I really think that it has been the love that you have shown Mom that has kept our family so close. You have many many other good attributes, but I think this is the best.

Love, Wayne

P.S. I hope that you and Mother will be able to come to see us next year in Taiwan.

PS 我喜歡你和媽媽，明年會去
臺灣見我們。

From Betty Rae:

Dear Dad,

I love you so much! Sometimes it's hard for me to express my feelings. I think it is for you too. But many times I feel like you and I understand each other heart to heart. So I do hope you know how very much I love you.

Since I've been married to Scott, I've realized how thankful I am to have a father. I see in Scott the affects of growing up without a dad. It's hurt his self-image, his confidence, and it's still hurting. I'm so thankful that I have two parents to teach and love me.

My life is so full and happy, and I thank you and Mom for it. You've taught me right from wrong, and I know that this happiness I have comes only from living what I've been taught is right. Thank you!

Love,

Betty Rae

From David Earl:

Dear Dad,

Just a little note to let you know I love and appreciate you. I wouldn't be here in this life, or on my mission, without you. I would like to thank you



Our family in 1962. Left to right: Marilyn is holding Douglas, Wayne, Bonnie Kay, Ken, Donald is holding David and Betty Rae is in front.

Memories

especially for some of the special times we have had together. I think that the times we have spent together in the outdoors have really been an influence in my life.

Thanks for all those father and son outings. Thanks for the salmon fishing trips. I will always remember that first day we took the sailboat out and all the good times that followed that first adventure. Thanks for being there to help me with my scouting. All in all, I very much appreciate your teaching me to live in and love the outdoors. Also, I would like to thank you for teaching me to live the gospel. You truly taught well. There had never been a decision I could not make. You taught me how to live, and I have been able to choose the right paths. Thanks for your good example.

Dad, I love and appreciate you for all that you have been to me. In Primary one of my favorite songs was "My Daddy is My Favorite Pal." Thanks for being my favorite pal.

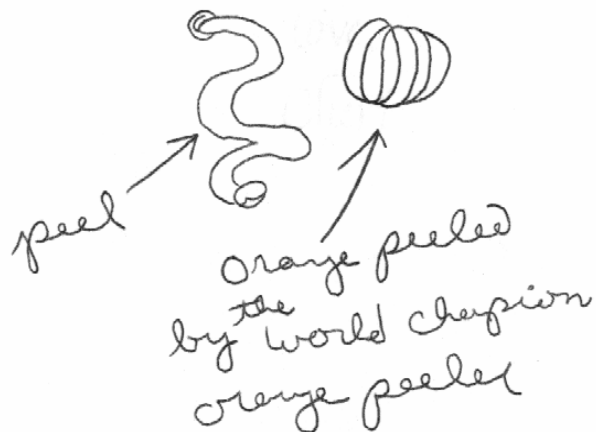
Love, David

From Douglas Alan:

I have enjoyed the times Dad and I have spent together. During these times we usually discuss our political views and philosophies. After these discussions, I am always impressed with his logic. I am always the dreamer who thinks up fantastic solutions or perpetual energy machines. Dad, on the other hand, is the down-to-earth person who shows me why my inventions won't work and gives his simple, logical solutions. I dare say that his practical approach to life is probably far better, although you won't catch me admitting it.

I am also amazed at his ability to carry on a conversation with Sister Starks while watching T.V.

Douglas



Donald Earl Lougee

From Cheri Ann:

Dear Dad,

I think it is finally time I wrote my letter to you to tell you how much I love you.

First of all, I'm thankful for your priesthood power. I always feel so much safer when I know you're here.

I'm thankful for the way you always support me in the things I do.

I'm thankful for the wise man that you are. I wish that I could look at life the way you do. There is, in your eyes, only two ways to look at life—either you do what is right—or it is wrong.

I'm thankful for the example you set in reading the scriptures and writing in your journal.

All I can say is I hope I can be a good person like you. I'm sorry that sometimes I'm not as respectful to you as I should be. I hope you have a happy birthday.

I love you, Cheri Ann.

Appreciation for her Father - from Bonnie
Kay

April 12, 1976

Dear Daddy,

It is hard to put in words what you mean to me. It has always been hard for me to tell those I love that I do love them. But, I'll try to.

I guess you could say that I see my "old" Daddy in a different perspective than I ever did before since I got married and am expecting my first baby. We want the best for this baby and it's brothers and sisters and having had no experience at being parents, Loren and I have spent a lot time talking about the home we are building and what gifts we'd like to give our kids. I am so grateful for the wonderful home I grew up in and the model my parents set for me.

I'm grateful for the many things you did for us, Dad. For the financial sacrifices so I could have the things I needed and wanted. I'm just beginning to realize what expenses are involved with having a baby. When I was a little girl I thought there was an unlimited supply of money in the checkbook.

I'm thankful for the trips you took us on - to Utah - to the mountains, or the ocean or Crater Lake for a day - and the wonderful toys you made.

I'm thankful for the manly example you were in the home and for the care and respect you gave my mother. I remember once when I was so mad at her and I went and told you something she'd done. You stopped me before I got one sentence out and told me something to the effect of how much she meant to you

Memories

and how I'd better respect her too. (I do - more and more, by the way). I am thankful for this wonderful example especially now because I learned what makes a man manly - not muscles, bragging, or brains but the ability to be kind and gentle with women and children. Because of your example, when the time came for me to choose a man, I chose one who is gentle and tender and makes me feel like the most wonderful woman in the world. (At least he makes me want to try to be.) In the same way, I learned from Mom what make a woman truly womanly.

I'm thankful that you loved me when I was the most unlovable and never gave up trying to help me.

I'm thankful for the way you gave me the freedom to work and go to college and do what I wanted to in those important teen-age years. I'm thankful that your policy was one of trust and confidence in me. I hope I didn't hurt you or disappoint you too many times.

Most of all, I'm thankful to have had the priesthood righteously practiced in the home I grew up in. You seemed as unshakable as a rock to me in your testimony. Now that testimony is burning in my heart even though I am not close enough to you any more to lean on yours. (Just get refueled when I see you.)

And so, until July, when Loren becomes a father, you'll be the most wonderful father in the whole world. And not even he can take your place in my heart. Thank you for everything.

Love, Bonnie

P.S. Maybe the best tribute to you of all, Dad, is what your son-in-law said to me. "Your Dad is the most humble man I ever met."



**Marilyn and me with our first grandchild
Donald Loren Jones; He was born June 26,
1976**

Donald Earl Lougee

Appreciation of His Father - from Wayne

Dad, this being Father's Day, I would like to again tell you that I love you and appreciate you being my father. I look up to you in many ways and want to be like you in ways you may never know. I'm thankful for the way you have treated my mother over the years. If I can be as good a husband as you have been, then at least your good example has been good for something. I love you very much, Wayne.

Bonnie's Tribute To Her Father

June 20, 1996: We had a letter from Bonnie Kay. She paid a beautiful tribute to her father. She wrote: "Today is Father's Day and I would like to pay a tribute to my father. Dad, thank you for living your life in such a way that when you taught me that God is the Father of our Spirits, I knew that He loves me and He takes care of me. I feel very fortunate to have such a wonderful father. Thank you for being honest, always working hard to take care of us and loving our mother. I watch my four brothers. They are such good fathers. I know it comes from your example. We always knew that our family and the gospel were what you live for. Dad, thank you for your unwavering testimony. Through good times and bad, you have loved the Lord and sought to do the work He wants you to. You have been our "rock". There is a lot more I could say about your great sense of humor, the love of the beauties of nature, your reading and interest in the world, etc. that make you so special to me. I love to talk with you and be with you and most of all, I just love you."

Father's Day Message -from David

June 1996: "One thing I really admire about you is your desire and determination to do what is right, whether it is popular or not or fun or not. I am really proud of the way you and Mom have performed so far on your mission. Keep up the good work. We're praying and cheering for you. You are great examples for us."

Memories



Our family – December 1965

Front: Wayne, Douglas, Betty Rae, David, Cheri Ann, Kenneth

Back: Bonnie Kay, Don, Marilyn

Donald Earl Lougee



Our home at 1289 Ochoco Avenue in Prineville, Oregon - We moved into this home in July 1968. We had a family room and another bathroom on to the back of it after this photo was taken.

Last Bequest

Chapter Six

Donald Lougee's Last Bequest

More than 20 years before he passed away, Don Lougee was working out on the High Oregon Desert somewhere off between Bend and Burns, Oregon. As he was walking through the sand and sagebrush, he found a weathered board on the ground with the following painted lettering: "Old Latrine Co B 735 Tank Bn 10- -43." For many years, this piece of wood hung on the family bathroom wall. Though out these years, most of the family did not even realize that this board had any significance at all. But, Don Lougee was well-read on the subject of World War Two and he knew that during the war General Patton had trained a tank battalion out in the Oregon desert.

About two months before he died, Don asked his family to find someone who would appreciate this board. His son, LTC Douglas Lougee (US Army) located a man named Col. Moore who had been the commander of Company B of the 735th Tank Battalion. Col. Moore explained that the sign was a marker warning of the location of a filled-in outhouse to keep people from digging in that particular spot.

Don donated the board to Col. Moore and the 735th Tank Battalion Association who will be placing it in a military museum with a written explanation of how it came to be found, along with photos of Don Lougee and of the area the sign was found.

This chapter contains letters and photographs relating to this last bequest of Don Lougee.

Donald Earl Lougee
My Dad, Donald Earl Lougee and the Origins of the 735 Tank BN
“Old Latrine Sign”

by LTC Douglas Lougee USA MC, 15 August 2007

Donald Earl Lougee (Dad) was born April 20, 1930 to John and Estelle Lougee at Dubois, Idaho. His father, my Grandfather, had served in France during the First World War. He was assigned to the 361st Infantry of the 91st Infantry division and had been wounded in the Meuse Argonne offensive. Dad's older brother served in the U.S. Navy during World War II and arrived in Hawaii shortly after Pearl Harbor. Dad remembers Pearl Harbor Day even though he was still a young boy. He has always been interested in the history of World War II.

After graduation from high school in 1948, Dad enlisted in the U.S. Navy for three years. This was extended another year after the Korean War broke out. He spent time on the air craft carrier Bataan during that war. Upon discharge from the Navy, Dad went to college on the GI bill and graduated from Forestry School. He took a job with the Bureau of Land Management and worked in Kanab, Utah and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho before being transferred to Prineville, Oregon in 1967.

As a forester, Dad was responsible for large tracts of timberland around Central Oregon, particularly in the LaPine area. Sometime in the late 1970's or early 1980's a co-worker asked him to assist with checking some "range plots" in the high desert. Dad did not have forestry work to do that day, so he agreed to assist. In this work, Dad's co-worker would periodically check small plots of range-land to determine the type and condition of grass species that were growing on the range.

That day, some of the range plots they were checking were located on the Bend-Burns Highway (Highway 20) near where it intersects with a gravel road that runs north towards the Crooked River (Highway 27-see map). This spot is about 36 miles east of Bend Oregon. Dad was walking about "200-300 feet" south of Highway 20 when he saw an old board lying on the sandy desert floor. He says "foresters are always kicking at things to see what they are" and he gave the board a kick. When it flipped over, he saw that there were painted words that said "OLD LATRINE CO B 735 Tank Bn". Below these words, a date was written, "10- -43". By lying face down in the "pumi-sand" the paint on the sign had been

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preserved. The board had nail holes in the ends so it looked like it originally had come from a box such as a fruit crate.

Being interested in history and especially World War II, Dad immediately knew that this board was left over from the time when troops had trained in the high desert during the war. We always believed that these troops had been part of “Patton’s Army” but had not researched the specific unit any further. For years the sign hung in our home, first in the bathroom (which we thought appropriate for a “latrine sign”). Later, my Dad moved it to his office where it has hung in honor since. Over the years, I have often looked at the sign and wondered why a unit would mark an “Old Latrine”.

Dad retired in 1991 and continues to live with my mother, Marilyn Lougee, in the home where they raised their seven children in Prineville Oregon. I am an Army Physician stationed at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio Texas. I recently received orders to go to Iraq to serve with the 115 Brigade Support Battalion of the 1st Brigade of the 1st Cavalry Division. Shortly before I was due to ship out, I found out that Dad was suffering from cancer and likely would not survive until I returned from deployment. The Red Cross contacted my commander and arranged for emergency leave so I could see Dad.

Dad asked me to look for a person, organization or museum to present the sign to. I think his intent was that it would go to “someone who could appreciate it”. I saluted sharply and said yes Sir and went to work. Using the internet, I quickly found several items about the storied history of the illustrious 735th Tank Battalion. I located Mr. (sorry I do not know his rank) Frank Chambers’ phone number and email address and was able to contact him. He told me of COL Roy Moore who had been the commander of B Co 735th Tank BN and I was able to speak with him and make arrangements to have the sign sent to him.

I hope that you will accept this small token of appreciation for the service of the 735th Tank Battalion and honor my Dad’s wish to have it placed in an appropriate place. It is a small piece of our nation’s history—a lowly latrine sign—but it is part of a little remembered era when “Patton’s Army” prowled the Oregon High Desert prior to going on to smash the Nazi nation.

Douglas Lougee, LTC, USA MC

Donald Earl Lougee



Don Lougee in the Navy (1948-1952) and about the age he was when the board was found

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LTC Douglas Lougee, Don's Son

Donald Earl Lougee

**The following photos were taken of the Oregon High Desert
near where sign was found – Taken 16 August 2007-**



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Top: Don's Son LTC Douglas Lougee
Bottom: Don's Oldest Son, Kenneth Lougee

Donald Earl Lougee

Letter from Col. Moore to Douglas Lougee:

26 September 07

Dear Doug,

In regards to your note of 17 August, be assured that during the recent 735 reunion, I phoned your father and reported on our doings in relation to his latrine sign.

First I posted a life-sized color photo on the door to the restroom serving the gathering – no explanation was made, causing a fair amount of mystery for three days. Then, at the beginning of our keynote session, I displayed, circulated and explained how your father, Donald, had discovered and preserved the sign, now returned to the 735 Tank Battalion Association for appropriate preservation and display.

Alas, there were only four “B” Company vets, including myself, attending the gathering of a full strength tank company of 117 men and officers. Your dad’s sign is very meaningful to us as well as (the) rest of the battalion.

And yes, the 735 joined Gen. Patton’s Third Army in Normandy and served under his banner through out five campaigns in Western Europe.

I will write to your father shortly making him an honorary 735 Tanker and will send him a couple of 735 member pins.

In closing, Doug, let me say we appreciate your attention to your father’s wishes in this matter. We also appreciate your service in Iraq, where the heavy lifting of the war against terror is now centered. Thank you.

Sincerely, Roy

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These are the pins that Col. Moore sent Don Lougee, arriving after Don had passed away.

(Letter from Col. Moore to Don Lougee)

27 Sep 07

Dear Mr. Lougee,

As I reported to you in our phone call 15 Sep from the 735 reunion, your latrine sign was a hi-lite of the gathering. There were only three there plus myself present from B Company but the sign was never the less much admired and appreciated by all 735 vets as well as their family members also present. There are several military museums under consideration for a permanent home and I will keep you informed.

You will likely be interested in what became of the 735 after the maneuvers in Oregon. After the exercise, the tanks and combat vehicles were returned to the LaPine rail head, loaded and shipped to Yakima where pre-overseas gunnery practice was performed. From Yakima the outfit returned to its base at Fort Lewis, WA, personal were given a short absence for Christmas and shipped to Boston, our port of departure. Arriving initially at Glasgow, Scotland; we then moved to vicinity of Coventry, England where we drew new tanks and other vehicles and prepared for Normandy. As an "independent" tank battalion we were

Donald Earl Lougee

partnered with the 5th Infantry Division. We would become part of the beach head break out force.

After fighting in the Norman hedgerows under Gen. Bradley we joined Gen Patton's Third Army for the dash across France. We forced a crossing of the Meuse River at Verdun where your father fought in WWI with the 91st Division. Later, in December 1944, we were part of Gen Patton's attack to free the troops encircled at Bastogne during the battle of the Bulge; then broke through the Siegfried (west wall) fortifications, captured Koblenz, forced a crossing of the Rhine and ended the war after meeting the Russians in Eastern Germany.

I was a 23 year old Lieutenant, later Captain, commanding "B" Company, 17 Sherman tanks, 117 personnel through most of the war.

Enclosed are a couple of pins which makes you an honorary tanker, 735 Tank Battalion. Hope you enjoy them. Thanks again.

Warm Regards, Roy

Donald Earl Lougee

Chapter Seven

Donald Lougee's Last Testimony

Of the gospel of Jesus Christ

August 14, 2007 – Testimony of Donald Earl Lougee

I, Donald Lougee, want to bear my testimony to my family and to all who care to listen. I know that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true. I have had many witnesses since I have borne testimony in capacity of stake patriarch that I might know of a surety that this Gospel of Jesus Christ is true. Whoever would want happiness in this life and in the life hereafter you only need to follow the instructions and blessings of the General Authorities and all those who are in charge of the Church. I know that this Gospel is true and I know as I leave this life that I will be ushered into a world where the Savior and God the Father live and I will be able to communicate with them. I challenge any one who has a desire for such a thing that they only need to live the commandments as they are given through the President [of the Church]. I bear this testimony to you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

THE END

Note Regarding the Compiling of this Document

After my Father had passed away and I returned to Oregon to prepare for his funeral, I spent many hours writing and rewriting the text of the talk I had been assign to give at the service. I used this time to reflect upon my Father and all that he stood for. I was also looking for positive ways that I could grieve for my Father and heal the pain that I felt in losing him in this life. I felt inspired to create something of lasting value that could both honor my Father's life and also heal my pain. Hopefully, this book will not only honor this much-loved Husband, Father, Grandfather, and friend, but will also help his family members and friends to remember him and know that he still lives.

This has been one of the most spiritual accomplishments of my life. I would like my Mother and Father to know of my everlasting love for them. For without their love, example and support, I would not be the person I am today. I want to tell the world that families are really and truly meant to be for ever. With out our families, we are nothing. No worldly title, position, honor, career, or achievement is greater than the happiness that can be found in an ordinary, loving family that strives to follow true Christian principles. I have been blessed with just that kind of family.

To my Dad, I would like to say farewell for this life. He has left us, but has not gone far. He still presides over his family and cares for his wife, children and grandchildren. He is now in the company of his parents and other family members who have also passed on. I pray that God may bless the family and friends of Donald Lougee that we may live our lives in such a manner that we too may be reunited with him in the coming years.

This book has been a work of love and has brought me great joy. I leave you with one last poem for my Father:

Good Bye for Now

Good byes are never an easy thing,
It is so very hard for close friends to part;
Tears flow freely from the eternal spring,
Emotions flow from the tender heart.

This parting is but for short space of years,
And, then again we all shall meet;
But, this time we will shed joyful tears,
Those tender emotions now eternal and sweet.

Wayne Reed Lougee
October, 2007